

ROUNDERBY

No. 13

\$3.



"Aaaaan' a-nutha thing..."

If we as white people should "act white" then I suppose we "should" feel comfortable ransacking and disrespecting other cultures. According to Windy, acting white *is* this [ransacking], yet it is something that she is vehemently against! So what do "we" do, Lisa?

Shit like the Heavenly Ten Stems "incident" and the following brouhaha is exactly one of the myriad reasons I left the Bay area. While I felt a sort of personal freedom there in that I was finally allowed and encouraged to be as "weird" as possible, everything from music to clothes to whatever was so politicized that it was stifling. To make it worse, all of these things that everyone was supposed to have an opinion about were dictated by entertainment (for the most part) magazines like the *SF Weekly* and the *Guardian* and the *Express*. It seems ludicrous in retrospect, but I was wrapped up in it for a year. Too much for a southern girl, so I split. Not that living in Knoxville [Tennessee] is all roses either!

-Kristin Young

Why the Heavenly Ten Stems article? That's the only thing I thought was an irritating article. Not so much of the sound of it, but why does it have to be a racial or political issue? I don't think it has anything to do with this sort of babbling about what is it to be white, yellow, black etc., and how you are suppose to act. Windy and Sharon were trying to argue out I don't think there is much to argue about because even if they figure it out logically they will realize that they figured out absolutely nothing especially because they are talking about a band=entertainment. So all it comes down to is if people can pull it off--some people can, and others are going to look stupid no matter what they do. It's the same with white people rapping or writing fanzines. If the Ten Stems are going to get touchy they won't survive, they could of beat each other up or *something* instead of discussing as a racial political issue, because it's not the U.S. constitution or a court trial, it's people that's the issue, right? On top, Windy and Sharon seemed to want to prove themselves [as Asian Americans] very badly with a little paranoia towards disagreement. I think that in America the only way to win is to *prove* and discussing it won't get anywhere, because this is a self oriented country and so am I, so to me there isn't much that just "makes sense" to me, it's more like it "works" for me, and if it doesn't, it doesn't. I think no matter what people say, it's plain and simple underneath, and I think being *overly* conscious of topics such as [whether or not white people in Asian costume playing Asian music is racist] will drain mass amounts of time out of people's lives, and make things hectic.

-Leyna Papach (Japan/Missouri)

There is an on-going life and death struggle in mainland China regarding what constitutes basic human rights [including free speech]. So while Asian Americans argue over at what point artistic imitation becomes an act of racism, thousands of miles away an Asian civil war brews over the right to express a contrary opinion. I think we should never lose sight of the fact that as Americans we can always sit down peacefully (if adamantly) to discuss our differences. We don't have to resort to acts of violent desperation unlike the citizens in countries where censorship is decided at the point of a truncheon.

-Scott Miller (Arizona)

I predict that if Sharon (yellow-paint-thrower) keeps going, she has a fine guerrilla career in store for her. Annoying as her actions were, anything that gets a monosyllabic, judgmental people (us, who deem things "great" or else it "sucks") thinking out entire paragraphs has got to be valuable. I also predict that if Heavenly Ten Stems (one-time-

yellow-paint-receivers who make pretty and unique music) allow themselves to be "forced" to quit, then they don't have any career at all in store.

Lately people have been calling me whitey. No one ever called me whitey before, not even when I lived at the edge of Harlem in New York. Today this guy whispered in my ear from behind, "You're a white girl." Normally I just ignore it, but this time for some reason I turned to him and said, "I'm white? I am?" He laughed and said, "You're not supposed to say anything." He was embarrassed. Maybe he's new at this telling white people they're white thing. San Francisco sure is an interesting city.

I wrongly quoted Lala. Sharon--not Windy--told Mark that if he couldn't face himself he should take a drink.

After printing Courtney Love's hysterical interview in number 12, I received dozens of letters calling her insane or "diseased." Jaina Davis complains: "I did just as Courtney Luv said and covered my nose with cheese and I still can't fuck the guys I want." Harper's reprinted part of the interview and gave me a bunch of money. I predict that Courtney will be a huge star, bigger than Zsa Zsa Gabor.

All letters to Rollerderby become my property. Then I edit them.

The following love letters are courtesy of Phil Milstein, Lentrish, and Matt and Jen Jasper. L C

Monika,

I'm so bored in hear. I really like you. Do you think your parent's would ever let me see you. there's a fag in here. He's nasty. these clothes are okay. But I can't wait to get out. Do you think you can come to my hearing? If i get permid [permit? parole? permed?].

Monica,

What's up? Were going to have a killer time this weekend. Lets go to the mall since were both single we can flirt with all the guys. Well gotta go late,
W/B Faith Shackles

Sherry

Listen! I had no idea you thought that you & Miles were still going together! Well I don't know, maybe it didn't get to you or something but he broke up. You have no reason at ALL to be pist at me. You and Miles need to talk or something! Maybe you guys still are going together, *but* Fay told me that he broke up. Miles is fucking one of us over, I don't think it's cool at ALL! Miles asked me if he could come and pick me up. If I knew you and him were supposed to be going out I wouldn't have called him. I think you and Miles should talk! And don't run you're mouth "Bitch"

Late, Peace Not! Monica

Monica,

Sup? So did you have fun yesterday? I wanted to kiss Travice so bad! Like I really want to kiss Alex! I love him so much I could scream. So who do you like. I still like Steve and Nick I don't like Travis as much as I like Alex there's just something about him I like my its his looks but I really dont now yet.
Your friend Athena W/B

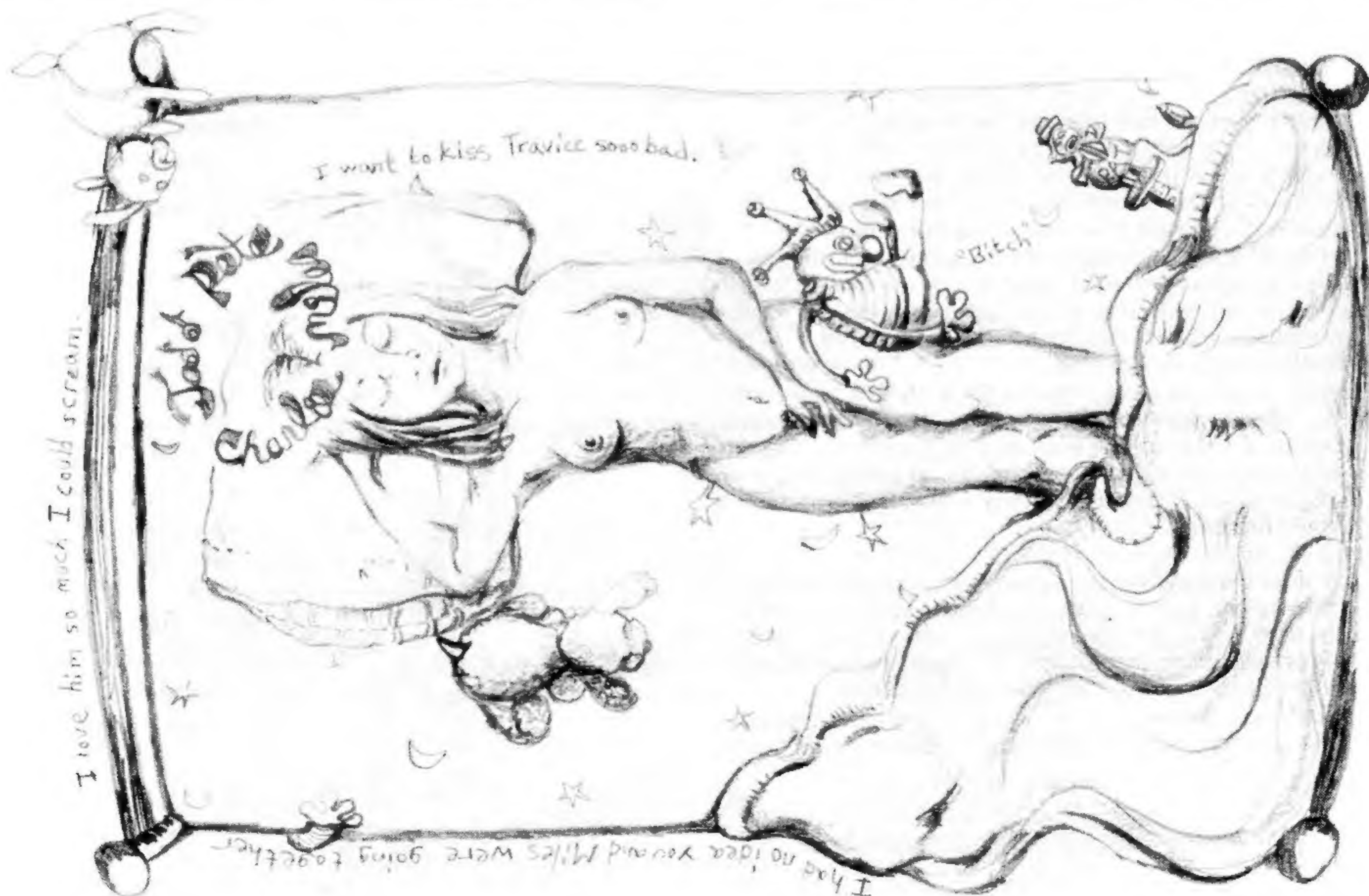
Dear Peter,

Did you think that I would give up on you? I can't, I don't want to give up on you dear strong will--beautiful person. I find that because of the opposing energies surrounding us it's more difficult to reach your essences--but still you don't have to do much--I am drawn to you (no matter what covers the situation). Because of my uneasiness and your's, there are

Do you understand what I am saying Peter? I need to clear up the things that make me feel like I'm in Limbo. What about you darling person? Let's walk, ride, some where and talk. I really hope you will find this the most serious of all Letters--reaching a conclusion to the coming of mutual understanding. I've moved to your old neighborhood. Home for now. Please call.

First of all, happy 3 years & 7 months. Second of all, I love you very much. Third of all, I was just counting all your cards and letters, and the count is up to 70! How about that!

I want to tell you something about my personality because for me it is extremely exciting to write an extraordinary sexy girl



like you about my sexual wishes, fantasies and experiences. I am a 25-year-old "boy" and a hard fetishist for nice women's feet and high-heeled shoes, particularly open sandals with very high and thin heels of at least 4 or 5 inches height and long thin straps. Three years ago I started collecting such shoes which are not very easy to find because at the moment high heels are old-fashioned. I found in a shoe-shop a great pair of black/silver sandals for a nice price and bought them. It was an embarrassing situation for me when the shop-girl looked into the box and saw the shoes but I kept cool and paid them. At home I was so hot that I immediately put off all my clothes and began to play with my cock in bed. After one minute it was hard and thick like an iron. After a few minutes the top of my hard cock became wet and the first few drops came out of it. I took one sandal, put in my dick slowly from behind and rolled the strap around it. Then I began to fuck the shoes and to rub and beat my cock very hard on the sole inside. One of the most exciting moments was when my cock and the sole stuck together because of the wet substance. And then after a few minutes--wow--my cock pumped up to an even harder and larger size and became very red and fleshy; it was totally itching inside me and then--yeah--I shot my hot and salty cream from behind through the whole shoe with such a pressure that it came out of the front-hole (for the toes).

I continued my shoe-masturbations nearly every day and I am proud of the sperm-amount I produced in three years!

Now you know I am on fire with sexual energy when I see women on the street wearing high-heeled sandals. In such cases I have to touch my cock inconspicuously and it is difficult to reach an orgasm.

I call salesgirls who work in shoe-shops and say, "Good afternoon. Have you got any high-heeled sandals?" If the girl says yes, I ask her, "Can you describe them for me?" When she answers the question I rub my cock with full speed. If she says, "No, we haven't got any," I hang up and call another girl.

In 1991, a girl from England visited me and stayed in my flat for about two weeks. I just had letter-contact with her before. One day I observed her while she put on black leggings and she noticed that I was totally attracted by this situation. While she was lying in bed and watched TV I could not resist any longer and I touched my cock and watched her feet. Then she switched off the TV and we were sitting in a face-to-face position in bed. I put off my trousers. Beside the bed there was a cassette player with English dancefloor-house-music. We played it and she put her feet around my cock. A fast "BOOM-BOOM-BOOM" rhythm of 120 bpm came out of the loudspeakers and I cried out, "Move your feet to the beat!" My girl moved her feet very hard exactly to the rhythm and stimulated my cock with high energy. A few seconds before my orgasm I cried out again, "Move your feet--move your sexy dance-feet--move them to the beat, girl!" During my orgasm she cried out, "Hop Boom Boom Boom!" and I covered her dance-feet with a lot of hot cream. She was nearly frightened because she never saw so much sperm on her feet before. We both were totally exhausted and took a fresh shower afterwards.

This enthusiastic fella (who wishes to remain anonymous in print) seeks smelly tights, used high heel sandals, and photos of female feet. As I only wear Air Nikes and regular socks, I cannot be of assistance. But if any Rollerderby readers wish to trade their tights, etc., for "original pictures of a cock in a high-heeled sandal and pictures of girls'-shoes covered with sperm," write me for this articulate German's name and address.

Illustration this page and the previous one:
Margaret Murray

Hey hoo Lisa,

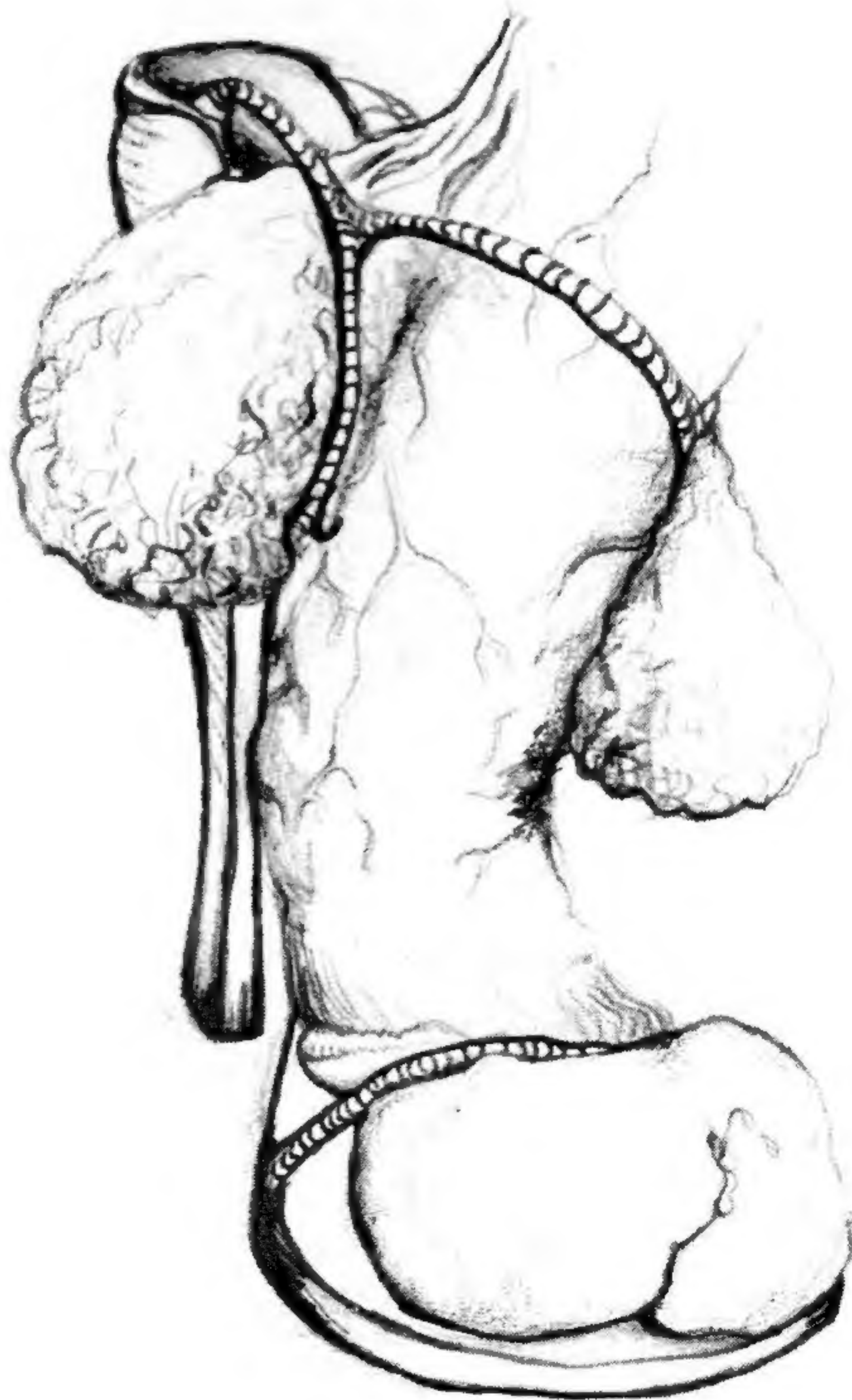
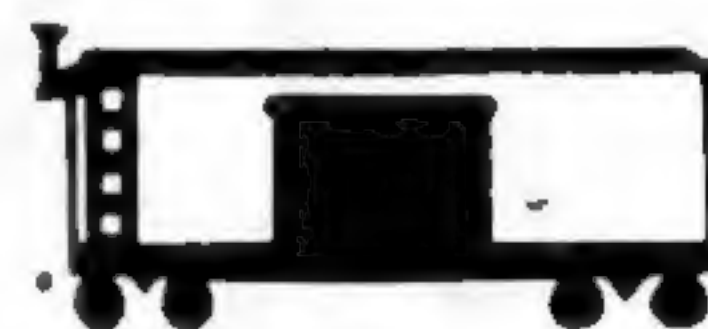
Very confused, my mom is a Hatfield, my dad a McCoy... I am torn. Lazy, my ill breeding keeps me idle. I'm 23 and I find you very intimidating because you are such an operation ouh. Here in Mini-soda it's starting to get awful cold. Since I came here I've learned how to drive and honed my firearm skills. Both cars and guns are amazingly sexy to me right now, to the extent that people are looking pretty bleak by comparison. Maybe I could make you a stuffed animal when I get the time. I work with retarded schizophrenics--mostly we just drive around and swap medications. One of my clients is obsessed with Eisenhower and thinks Hitler is like a cold you catch. You know, like "Stay back, I don't want your Adolf."

Yours, Pet

Jen come on Jessie will never
Like you, and that's no lie. & I care
about you, you mean a lot to
me. Jen I Love you

Love. DUANE.

ROLLERDERBY
131A DUBOCE
SAN FRANCISCO CA 94103
editor: Lisa / copy editor: Bear



Dear Lisa:

We have always liked your work, been inspired by it, and that's why we are writing. We had some, er, problems with "The Yellow Paint Show" article in issue #12, and we want(ed) to bring these to your attention.

In writing this letter, we in no way mean to set up a "you vs. us" dichotomy. In fact, part of what this letter is about is "us". Meaning, we are white girls who think it's imperative that white girls start to take responsibility for our own racisms, etc, and that we start this work amongst ourselves, AS it is not Girls/Women of Color's responsibility to educate us. In pointing out the racist assumptions that permeate your article, we are also pointing to ourselves, as these are "things" we have said/thought/acted out too. We in no way intend to imply that we know racism better than People of Color. It is interesting to note that us white girls have the luxury to choose whether or not "racism" is an "issue" that we need to deal with at any given time. This is a privilege and it is truly gross that we rarely ever use it to start dialogue.

We are writing this for ourselves cuz racism affects our lives, as white people, in an adverse way...and we are trying to find a way out of this maze. Maybe we are just trying to set ourselves apart as "the cool ones", the "not racist ones" who knows? But, we do have some shit to say, so blah blah blah, here goes:

One of the most flagrant racist assumptions in the article was that the protesters were the abusers, whereas the white band members were the "victims." The Heavenly Ten Stems band members' statements comparing the protesters to Hitler/fascism is particularly offensive and alarming. What needs to be recognized is that Windy, Sharon and co. acted in self-defense. As Women of Color, they in no way have the power over the white band members that Hitler had over Jews and others. Relationships of power are simply not recognized by the band members or hardly at all in the article. By portraying the protesters as abusers, you have performed a popular "hat trick;" the abusers, in this particular case, have not only changed places with those they've victimized, but you have distracted us from their initial racist action.

What this neat little hat-trick does is make it like white people being called on their racist shit is somehow worse than People of Color experiencing racism. (i.e. Portraying Layla as heroine battling "evil censorship") In fact, throughout the article, it's suggested that the white people are the ones being censored. There is a big difference between being censored and being challenged. We know it sucks to feel "censored" because you just "happen to be white"—but could you think about the censorship imposed on Asian-Americans EVERYDAY through forced assimilation, cultural co-optation, historical invisibility, silence through stereotyping and assaults of all kinds. When Asian-Americans challenge these sometimes covert and insidious forms of censorship in blatantly creative ways, why are they charged as The Censors?

Dear Seymour,
What are YOU (we) gonna do about century upon century of racist domination? What are YOU gonna do about the fact that Sharon, Windy and co.'s creative response/self-defense strategy to a racist incident was met with extreme defensiveness and accusations of "fascist" censorship? How are YOU gonna undo THAT damage—Are you gonna go to the thousands of people who read *Rollerderby* #12 and tell them that Sharon is not Hitler, McCarthy, Operation Rescue, or a witch-hunter?

"I can not snatch my baby from the fire in a nice, calm, moderate way."

— Angela Davis

Throughout the article, Sharon is portrayed as some crazy screaming

Dear Kathleen and Allison,

Your letter brings me back to my childhood... Like how my grandmother tried to help me by dragging me to church twice a week and telling me I would go to hell. Like when my father spanked me (not often) and told me he was doing it for my own good, it was gonna hurt him more than it was gonna hurt me, etc. (I realize now he was being tongue-in-cheek.)

You're right about one thing—I was pushing the discussion into defining white people when that wasn't what the article was about. A dumb mistake on my part.

But I never said "evil censorship." I never said I "happen to be white." I never employed the word "victims." Sharon was never called "fascist." (Lala was disgusted that Sharon would compare a singer to a mass, mass, mass murderer. She said if anyone was taking a fascistic action it was Sharon "trying to justify her violence with self-righteousness.") Actually, not a single quote from the article is reproduced accurately in your letter. I like how you put the word *facts* in quotes. If I'm ever on trial, I hope neither of you is on the jury. Why should Sylvia Tan hair-split over facts? 'Cause she portrays herself as a journalist, not a propagandist. One does not need to have been present in order to discuss the issues brought up by the event, but Tan did not write about the issues. Except for a one- or two-sentence look at racism in the grocery store/on the streets at the end of her article, she wrote about *this* show, *this* band. And she presented it as if she saw it with her own, journalistic eyes when in fact she was getting her info from Sharon.

You seem unhappy that Paul (what makes you think he's white?) got two paragraphs in a nationwide magazine. Windy got three. I tried to contact Sharon in several ways. She didn't *want* any paragraphs in my nation-wide magazine.

Lala is a big fan of Chinese opera. Do you think every Chinese person knows all about Chinese opera? (All black people got rhythm.) You want to restrict each people to their own ghetto and not share?

You said it's People of Color's call. Windy called my article thoughtful and unbiased. She liked it. I guess that means you gotta take back what you said, and like it now, 'cause Windy's colored and you're only white.

I recognize that racism is out there and in here. Even though I've never been discriminated against for my skin color, I am female, which a lot of people think is a kind of low thing to be. My response to that is to run everything concerning *Rollerderby*, even though my life would be a lot less fretful if I let a company handle the manufacturing and distribution—I want to show that a

negligent "fascist" because she chose to respond overtly to a violently racist society. Not only does she have to experience overt and covert racism daily, but she is expected to respond to it in a way that is acceptable to white people.

Paul, how can you call Sharon's action "fascist" ("smashing silencing all contrary ideas, no discourse," etc.) when it seems like her public statement/action has caused a lot of discourse in and of itself. What real power does she have to stop discourse? (YOUR complaints are what got airtime and validation in this nation-wide magazine.) How does she, a Woman of Color, have power over you as a white boy?

What we keep hearing in this article is: "What is really important here is how the white people are being affected." Fuck that. We white people need to stop thinking that everything has to refer back to us ("Define 'white person'...what's a white person?") in order to be valid. It's great that Windy's "willing to educate white people" but this should not be expected. Why is it that when Windy is talking about Asian-Americans, Lisa keeps insisting the conversation be directed towards white identity? While questions about white identity are important for whites to discuss, they may not be central in People of Color's struggle (i.e. that's our fuckin problem).

Dealing with racism need not happen in isolation from the recognition of "other" struggles (class, body image, gender, etc). Lisa, you continually center your own struggle, as if Windy's struggle must necessarily negate your own. Growing up poor or "fat" could be points of empathetic understanding towards someone's experiences of racism, instead of being used to negate that person's experience. Why do we automatically hear "other" people's assertions of self/community as threats to "our" own? And also, just cuz you've experienced certain forms of oppression, doesn't mean you are exempt from criticism in terms of the privileges you do enjoy.

Much of what Layla said in the article translates roughly into "I know your culture better than you do." The logic here runs, that whites can not only buy/access what we have termed "the exotic", but also, own "it" on a more intimate level than those whose culture we stole from in the first place. Instead of using her privileged access to Cantonese language and "Chinese opera" to invalidate the protesters, why doesn't Layla question how white supremacy enforces distance between Chinese Americans and their cultures/communities? Using the "Chinese opera singer" as a token to dismiss the protesters' concerns about co-optation is a despicable trick. Like putting your arm around this one person, who is supposed to represent their whole entire culture (another racist assumption), and then using that person to avoid dealing with your own racism/white privilege.

"Linear knowledge is God."

So what if Sylvia Tan (Bay Guardian) didn't report "the facts" as you saw them? I'm sure she's seen racism acted out often enough to recognise it in this event, even in her absence. Why hair-split over "facts" (white people reality?) when she could get to what's really going on here: racism.

"It was dark in the club and everyone was drunk: who's to say who's right and wrong?" Whatever. It is not for us white people to define what is racist and what isn't. What does the fact that the club was dimly lit and people are drunk have to do with the reality that people saw/experienced racism during the show? Who says you had to have been present in order to discuss the issues brought up and experienced at the show?

When People of Color say we are being racist we are; it's their call. When they say they are offended and/or hurt by our racist actions, why is it that we, as white people immediately begin to act defensive and explain our actions away, instead of trying to figure out how we can stop playing into our own racisms.

Well, this letter's getting kinda long, but we feel like we've just begun to talk about this. We hope you write back knowing that we chose to write this letter, not to devalue you, but to challenge the racism in your article. And,

female can run a business well. I'm not going to tell males, "You should feel guilty and believe everything I say because women weren't allowed to vote till 1920 and women get raped and stuff." It wouldn't work. I wouldn't even *want* it to work—I don't want to hang out with a bunch of pitying, unhappy fellows. Do you want to be surrounded by lackeys? Do you want to be a lackey? Do you think Asian Americans want to be surrounded by lackeys?

You asked what Seymour is gonna do about century upon century of racist domination. He's been bringing Japanese noise music to the U.S. in the form of lengthy interviews with, and articles on, the artists in his magazine (accompanied by 7-inches) for years. When I am interested in an artist featured, I write to that person and sometimes a friendship forms. Friendship is what breaks down racial fears and misinformation.

Your letter doesn't make me feel good about Chinese people. If it accomplished its aim, it would make me feel bad about being white. (I'm guessing you'll disagree with that analysis, but think about it.) Negative emotions beget negative emotions. (One can get out of that cycle, but it doesn't seem like you think one should.) Guilt leads to resentment. Nasty!

Power attracts. Good art attracts. Chinese movies are so awe-inspiring, how could I feel above the Chinese who made them? Same thing with rap music. I can feel above whiners though—or at least want to get far away from them—even if they have legitimate complaints. We all have legitimate complaints. We also all have the power to wow.

LC

vicariously, to challenge our own racism.

♥ Kathleen Hanna
and Allison Wolfe

ps

↑ loved the Cindy Bass pictures + shit about yr neighbors. If we weren't total fans we wouldn't bother writing you or thinking it'd be worth it. X O X O X O

↑
if you can write us
at: P.O. Box 1473
Olympia WA 98507

I went to Disneyworld in August with my family--Cyrus, 19, Matt, 13, and my mom, Lila, 42. Disneyworld--oh, it all seems like a dream now, a happy dream of trudging tourists and perky pirates of the Caribbean. We went to Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom Action Adventure Show and I got picked to wear a purple Arab robe and run away from exploding trucks. This adventure I rate three stars. The second thing I got picked to do was be a shopper on an escalator in San Francisco during an earthquake. Loud rumbling noises came out of hidden speakers while someone threw styrofoam slabs of concrete at us and simulated action of a giant fake pillar breaking towards us. Then it was onto a ride where we take a fake BART train which was not called BART; it was called S.T.S. I don't know who they were trying to kid. Anyway, the train goes through the tunnel and a voice tells us we're going to Oakland when suddenly a fireball explodes outside the train and everything starts shaking wildly. A slab of the ceiling falls and a giant semi which was on the other side of the tunnel ceiling (the street) hurtles towards us, stopping inches away from the fake train, then slowly rises back up and the ceiling melds together and we back out of the tunnel. We also went to the Honey I Shrunk the Kids theme playground where a disgusting, gigantic dog nose made sniffing noises and blew air on the Disneyworld patrons when they stuck their arms up its cavernous nostrils. At Pleasure

Island Nightclub these weird people went around acting funny. For example, Dusty the Maid carried a feather duster and a rubber lobster and went up to a lady who had a young daughter asleep on her lap and Dusty said this woman was an inside-out pregnant lady. There were so many attractions; it was such a whirlwind of fun. I loved the Haunted House ride, but everyone knows what that's like--spooky. The music in there is the best in the land. Mom threw the Starburst Fruit Chews away because she said we were getting too hyper. Hyper is a big word in my family. I've probably heard and spoken that word a billion times. It was pouring rain and I saw a man in a sopping wet maroon exercise suit running and pushing an old man in a wheelchair who was covered in a garbage bag so you couldn't even see his face. I almost bust a gut laughing. Alfred Hitchcock Presents 3-D Adventure showed a movie where birds flew at the audience with 3-D talons to almost eye-gouging distance while a man in a granny suit ran through the audience with a rubber knife. The one downfall of Disneyworld was the fact that every single ride emptied into a store where the patron could then purchase Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom coffee mugs or Snow White coffee mugs or Haunted House Ride coffee mugs or 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea mugs or etc., and so forth coffee mugs until eternity, amen. Other than this one annoying trait Disneyworld was great and my family only got in one fight--about whether to go to the Rocky and Bullwinkle

show where crazy, inhuman people dance and jump around in three inches of material and foam rubber or whatever that stuff is made out of in 90° weather in August in Florida. That thought alone was thoroughly entertaining and amazing me, nevermind the actual act. I love my family and I loved Disneyworld but I can stand to not go there again for a long, long time.

-by Dame Darcy
photo: Boyd Rice



SPASTIC INVASION

I'M AN **EPILEPTIC**, HE'S AN **EPILEPTIC**, SHE'S AN **EPILEPTIC**, WE'RE ALL **EPILEPTICS**...
WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO BE AN **EPILEPTIC**, TOO?



As we watch him flail about like a roach who's been hit with bug spray, I suppose we should pity the poor epileptic. Don't get me wrong—I'm not saying it isn't fun to hear him shriek like a clubbed seal, to observe his skin turn a bluish-grey, and to see enough foam pour out of his mouth to top off a cup of cappuccino—but I can't help wondering whether we can learn something from his feverish conniptions. After we've stolen his wristwatch and emptied his wallet, it might be nice to pause for some quiet reflection. If you're spiritually inclined, it would be a perfect time to thank the Lord that he didn't fashion you into a tongue-swallowing loser.

Of all the diseases to ooze from Pandora's box, epilepsy seems a peculiarly geeky affliction. It just doesn't carry the same pungent, musky aroma of sensuality that comes with a disorder such as, say, elephantiasis. When asked what they look for in a fella, most gals aren't likely to say, "big dick, oodles of dough, and frequent *grand mal* seizures." Cruising pick-up bars, only a dope would drop a line such as, "I'm an epileptic" with the same gusto that others might boast of being a Capricorn.

We've all heard the stereotypes and laughed at the jokes: Epileptics are dumb, hyperactive, pasty-faced nebbishes prone to typhoon-like bursts of rage and random violence. At the complete mercy of their brains' faulty wiring, they can't stick their toes outside without fear of a full-on seizure. Squiggling around on the ground, they elicit sympathy and more than a few chuckles. Surly and sensitive, they



mumble bitterly to themselves as they plod down the street, picking fights with hot-dog vendors and sanitation workers. Their minds are wrecked by anticonvulsant drugs, their futures thrown into jeopardy every time they throw a spazz.

Yet there are many other curses which befall those who suffer from "the jerks." Compared with the general population, they're more likely to be poor, retarded, suicidal, and incarcerated. They suffer higher unemployment rates than the non-spasmodic. They can't even get a driver's license in some states. They endure the shame and self-hatred which come with organic mutation. The stigma—nay, the *stink*—of genetic disenfranchisement follows them around like a pair of phantom armpits.

"But what makes a person epileptic?" you ask with equal measures of youthful curiosity and feigned boredom. Well, the sad, lonesome truth of the matter is that they're brain-damaged. The damage can come from any one of a number of causes—whether through birth defects, head injuries, brain tumors, or infections, about one in every hundred persons is cerebrally crippled enough to have epilepsy. There are many hues in the epileptic rainbow, many paths on the route toward sufficient brain damage: perhaps their pregnant mothers smoked crack or Daddy whapped them in the noodle one too many times; maybe they inhaled too much paint thinner during their mischievous teen years; it's possible that they had a motorcycle accident in which their head cracked like a Grade A, farm-fresh egg; there's always a chance that a hockey puck struck them in the skull during an unfortunate sporting incident; perchance they popped a cerebral capillary while thinking about a calculus problem; whatever the reason, a part of their brain has withered to goat cheese. Surrounding the patch of dead grey matter are unstable, half-functional neurons which become the "epileptic focus."



They form a weak link in the brain chain and can scatter electrical pulses like random thunderbolts. In a full-blown seizure, the nervous system overheats and shuts down like an old hair dryer.

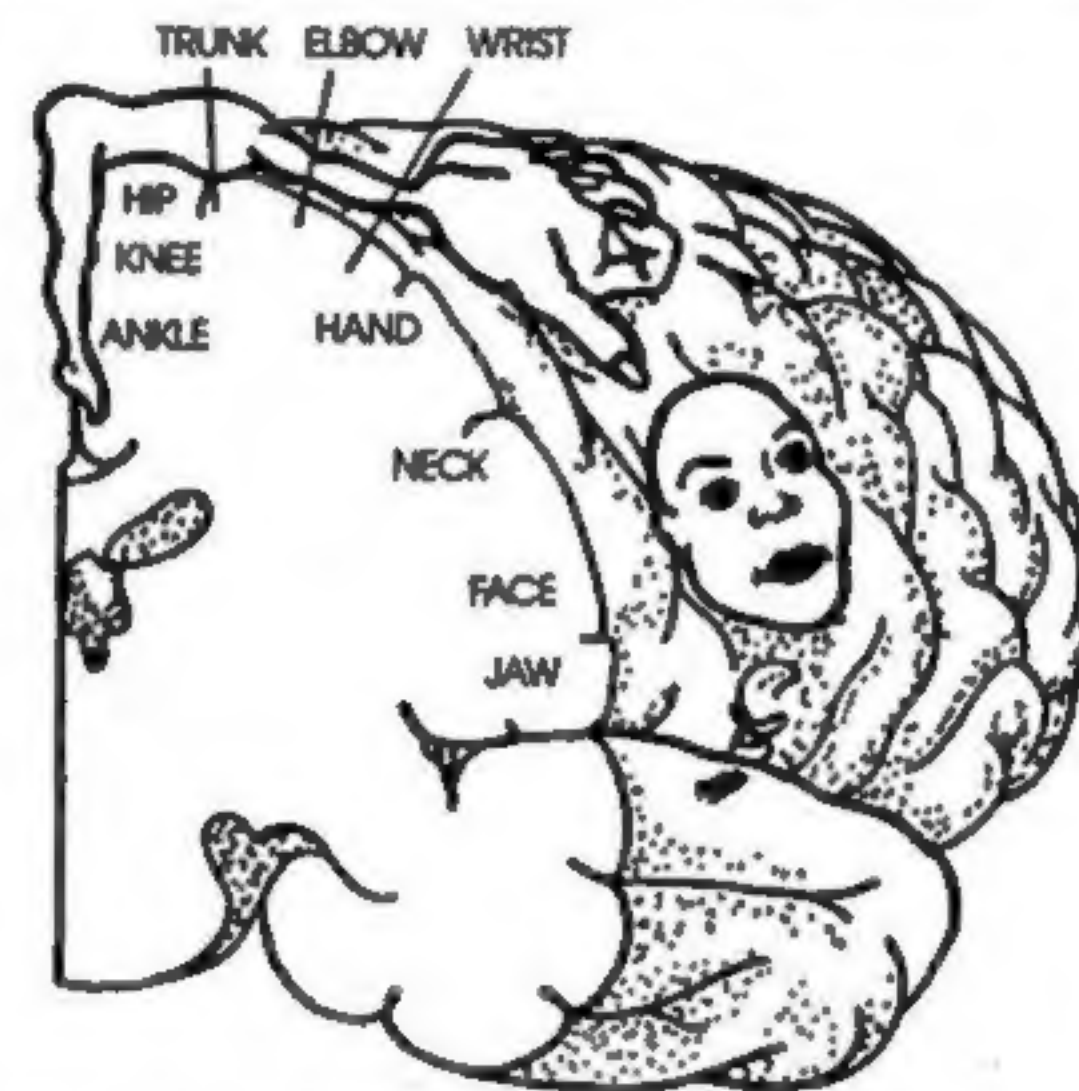
The word "epilepsy" comes from a Greek verb meaning "to seize," and it is the seizure which gives the disorder its unique entertainment value. Seizures can be as harmless and localized as a twitching eyelid or as dangerous as a condition known as *status epilepticus*, wherein one major fit follows the next without any recovery time. Apart from being a perfect name for a death-metal band, status epilepticus can also be life-threatening.

In a smaller seizure, known among our cherished French brethren as a *petit mal*, the victim may merely smack his lips, grind his choppers, blink uncontrollably, or zone out in the middle of a sentence. At the onset of a more serious *grand mal* seizure, the epileptic's body stiffens like an ironing board, after which he emits a squeal like a mutilated dolphin and begins twitching as if he's just eaten some pickled dodo eggs. During the twitching phase, the victim may become incontinent, soiling his or her undergarments with embarrassing waste products. Apart from the prospect of pee-pee and poo-poo, male epileptics may achieve an erection during the seizure. If they're lucky, they may even blow a wad. As the crisis ends and the victim enters a muddled half-conscious state, he or she is prone to violence and vomiting, although not necessarily in that order.

Even creepier than the seizure itself is the "aura" phase which comes before it. Described by an ancient Greek patient as a cool breeze swirling upward inside his body, the aura precedes the epileptic attack by a few seconds and gives the victim a sick feeling that something BAD is coming. The aura is often characterized by a horrifying wave of fear, the ugly grey dread that you're about to lose control. It is sometimes accompanied by visual and auditory hallucinations, the sudden experience of weird tastes and smells, wildly throbbing heart palpitations, and temporary blindness. All in all, it's a monster head rush, dude.

To make things worse for these luckless saps, just about anything can trigger an epileptic fit. Everyday actions such as reading, eating, or an innocent cough can set off an unwanted brainstorm. Seizures have been traced to such seemingly harmless deeds as making a decision or drinking a few Heinekens. In other instances, the epileptic has a conditioned-response spazz-attack to a certain word (such as "marsupial" or "blunderbuss") or memory (such as your father rubbing suntan lotion on your nipples when you were six). In rare cases, a *really* good orgasm can trigger a seizure, which sort of takes the shellac off the "afterglow" phase.

The best-known form of such "reflex epilepsy" is *photogenic*, wherein bright, repetitive images induce a conniption. A photogenic fit can be caused by pulsating disco strobe lights,





Julius Seizure—um, Caesar.

sunbeams dancing on a lake, a fan's spinning blades, or the constant wagging of Gene Simmons's tongue. In some cases, even a badly flickering TV can do it. Digital colossus Nintendo has been sued more than once by angry parents who claimed that playing Nintendo's video games induced seizures in their little brats.

Not as well-known, but no less amusing, is the *musicogenic fit*, wherein a seizure is caused by loud, startling noises such as that of a firecracker or unexpected flatulence. It can also be caused by droning monotonies, certain types of music, or merely the sound of a particular word or language. Musicogenic epilepsy received national attention in 1991, when a 45-year-old East Coast woman suffered repeated seizures induced by the voice of *Entertainment Tonight*'s germ-free hostess Mary Hart. Scientific tests concluded that it wasn't what Hart was saying which caused the seizures, but the *pitch* of her squeaky-clean, hamsterlike voice. Frankly, I'm surprised that *everyone* doesn't have seizures while watching *Entertainment Tonight*, but that's another article, isn't it?

Most cultures of yore viewed epilepsy as a curse and devised several delightfully painful cures. Egyptians thought that seizures were proof of demonic possession and thus sawed holes into victims' heads so the demons could escape. Roman physicians called epilepsy "the falling sickness" and directed their patients to

drink the blood of wounded gladiators. One remedy suggested a mixed drink whose principal ingredients were wine and powdered human skull. Another failed cure is my personal favorite—hippo testicles. My research didn't uncover the manner in which the hippo testicles are to be used—whether they are eaten or merely licked—but I can only hope that they were first removed from the hippo.

In contrast with almost everyone else, the Greeks saw epilepsy as a sign of divine inspiration and termed it "the sacred disease." Hmm—could these olive-scented bastards be onto something here? Are we mistaking epileptics for

spazzes when they're actually gods? Instead of hacking oyster-sized gobs of phlegm at them, should we *worship* them? You would think that a culture responsible for both baklava and lesbianism would know divine inspiration when it sees it, wouldn't you?

Equating brain seizures with spiritual transcendence is an intriguing concept. Are the epileptic's higgity-jiggity movements the same as one sees in religious frenzy? As he bounces around on the pavement like a bead of grease dancing across a hot skillet, does his excess psychic energy shoot into some normally uncharted brain terrain? Are you as tired of these questions as I am?



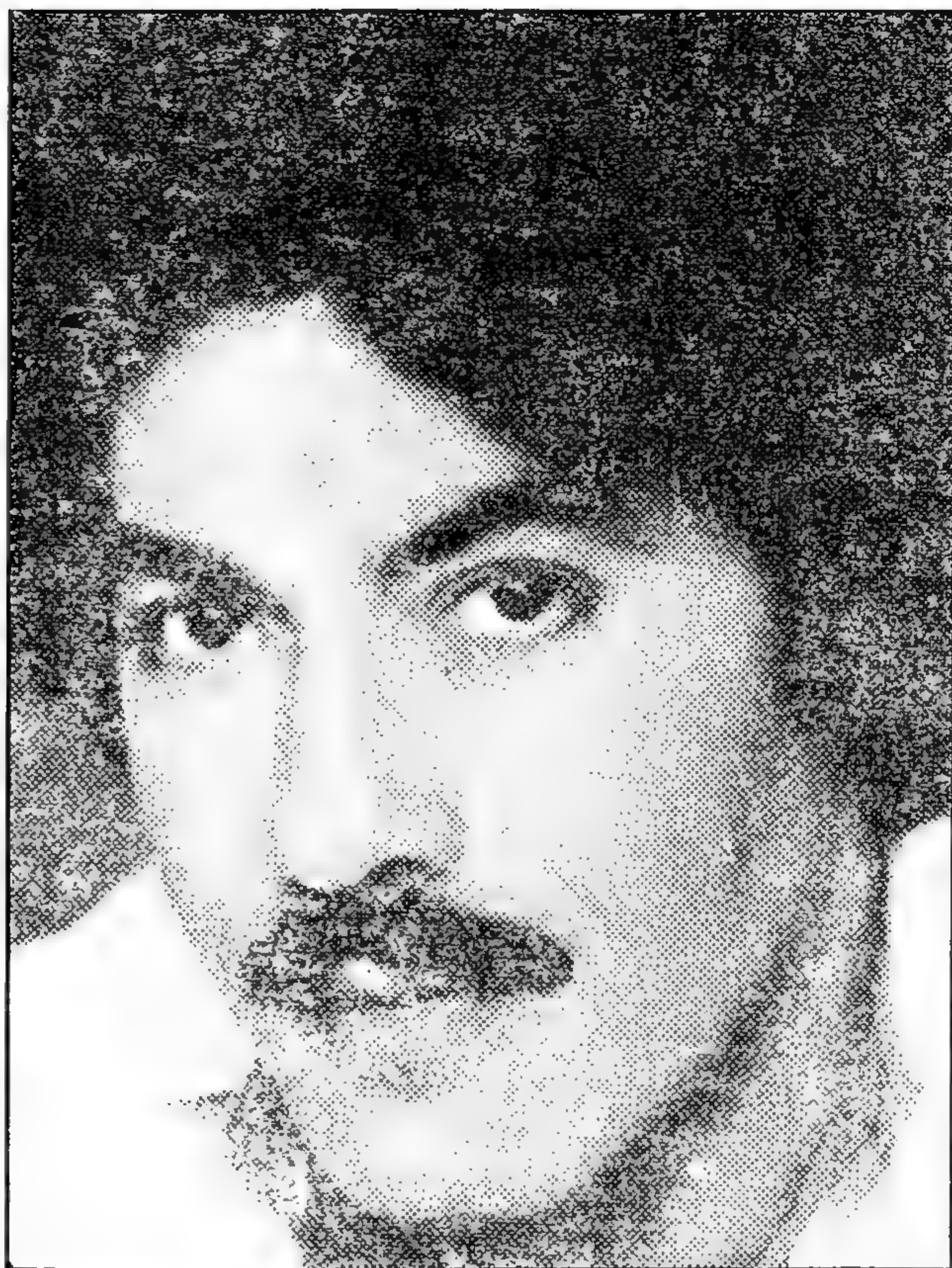
Buddha: jolly, overweight... and epileptic.

One could make a solid argument that epilepsy is indeed a godly disease. I'll betcha didn't know that world-famous obese mystic Buddha was an epileptic. So was Saint Paul, who was supposedly blinded for three days after "the scales fell from his eyes," or some such nonsense. Generic Vatican potentate Pope Pius IX was an epileptic, too, but we'd all prefer to forget about him.

Permit me to be biologically reductive for a moment. Allow me to interpret what is commonly known as the "creative spark" as a mere cerebral misfire. Is an epileptic seizure the same sort of renegade brain activity which leads toward artistic greatness? That would explain the bold innovations (just don't ask me what they were) of ravioli-slurping renaissance man Leonardo Da Vinci, who is now thought to have been epileptic. Van Gogh? 'Leptic, 'leptic, 'leptic. Angry inventor Thomas Edison was also among the ranks of the fit-prone. It's possible that a stray filament or two of dead brain matter formed the blueprint for his shiny and much-beloved lightbulb. Alfred "Peace Prize" Nobel had more than his share of brainquakes, too. Now, if someone who had such a pioneering vision of global harmony had organic brain dysfunction, peace on earth could conceivably be achieved through one simple surgical solution: Lobotomize everyone.

If you were to take each great writer and philosopher throughout history who just happened to be epileptic, and represent each such individual with a single navy bean, you could lay those navy beans end-to-end and go back and forth to the moon sixteen times! Alright, I'm bullshitting you—there are only about five that I'm aware of: verbose novelist Charles Dickens; hemlock-tipping pedant Socrates; mystery-spinning old chick Agatha Christie; depressive Slav Fyodor Dostoyevsky (whose book *The Idiot* was partially based on his seizure-addled life); and psychedelic medievalist Dante Alighieri. Perhaps Dante's *Inferno* was not a religious allegory after all, but a metaphor for the twisted subterranean caverns inside his head.

Nor does the music world suffer from a lack of the epileptically inclined. Brain thunder may have given birth to the



Tony Orlando: sexy, talented... and epileptic.

powdered-sugar symphonies of Peter Tchaikovsky and the dizzy angelic choirs of George Frederick Handel. Appalachian dumpling Loretta Lynn has lived her life as a coal miner's spastic daughter. Dead fog-rocker Ian Curtis and unkempt singer-songwriter Neil Young are said to have been likewise afflicted. Epilepsy's wispy feathers have even brushed across the cheeks of such a monstrous talent as Tony "Tie a Yellow Ribbon" Orlando. I'm especially saddened to hear that this hot-buttered Greek-o-Rican superstud suffers from an organic brain disorder, although it may account for the unharnessed sexual electricity of his live performances.

Let us not forget the epileptic actors and actresses, either. We've all thrilled to the

cinematic portrayals of concave-cheeked fortune-inheritor Margaux Hemingway, token sidekick Danny Glover, and pockmarked Welsh thespian Richard Burton. According to rumors, even annoying funnyman Tim Conway has a place in our epileptic utopia.

But don't think for an instant that everyone blessed with a seizure disorder is a wan, ineffectual "creative" type. Some of History's Biggest Bastards were epileptic. Among such ruthless notables were the salad-inspiring Roman emperor Julius Caesar, youthful slaughterer Alexander the Great, and dyspeptic dwarf Napoleon Bonaparte. These men were far from the epileptic's mega-nerd stereotype. Rather, they grabbed the world by the balls and shaved off its pubes with a clam shell.

So I was wrong—instead of pitying the epileptic, we should envy him. Rather than being a social handicap, epilepsy has a foamy, frothy, stinking sexual power all its own. We are facing, zine puppies, a brave New Age when seizure disorders will be *au courant*. The day will dawn when a protective helmet and a skillfully applied layer of whipped cream around the mouth will be considered high fashion.

There's an imperious smugness, a sense of radiant power, that comes with being a genetic mutant. I should know. I am one. I was lucky, though. Other family members turned out to be prostitutes, autistic, retarded, hopelessly drug-addicted, and even murdered. But the glacier-shattering truth is that, among other genetic defects, I'm mildly epileptic myself. No, don't get up—don't try to leave the room or offer me a handkerchief—I'm OK. I first learned of my problem one night when I was around eleven, when my sister observed my young, sleeping body kicking like a pink, hairless mule. You see, I'm one of those types who only have fits at night. Some time later, when Ma chanced upon me flapping around on the bed like a sea bass on a ship's deck, my family decided it was time to have me tested.

Miseracordia Hospital, Philadelphia, PA. I stare at the damp, Wrigley's-spearmint-gum-colored floors as workers fasten cold metal electrodes to my scalp. I'm instructed to lie back on the starched white sheets and shut my eyes as they begin flashing the strobe. Green-and-red honeycombs spin on my closed eyelids. As I drift off, a row of twitching pens record the seismic disturbances inside my head.

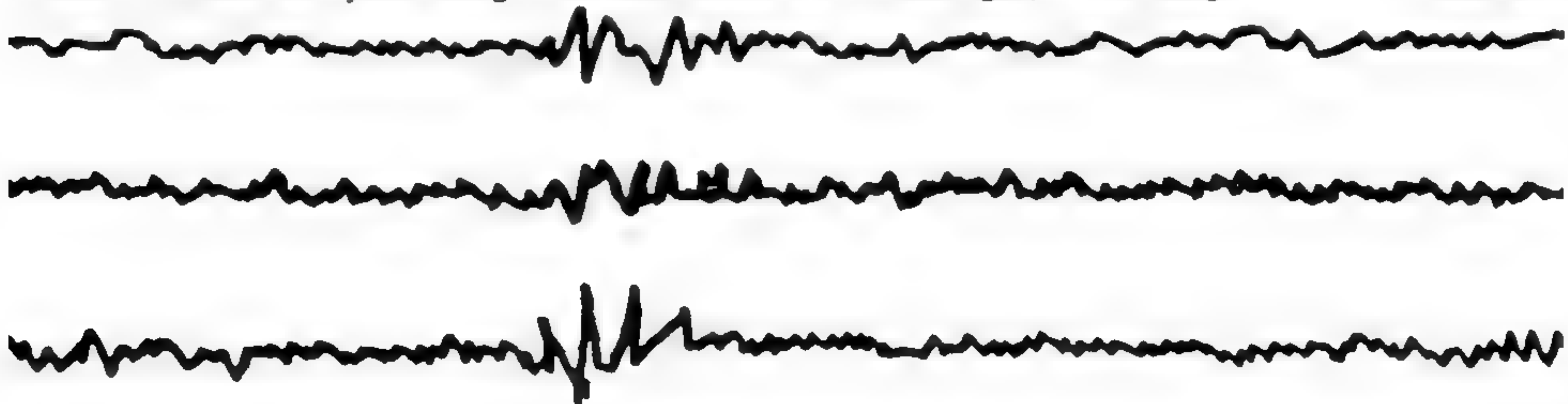
The doctor who read my EEG said it showed abnormalities, but they were "within the statistical margin of error." But since then, just about every girl I've slept with has at one time or another noticed my "night tremors." In many instances, the fits consisted of no more than my face turning

red and my cheeks puffing out to blowfish proportions *à la* Harpo Marx. In even more cases, I've held prolonged conversations with characters in the bedroom whom I just happen to be hallucinating. After several nasty alcoholic blackouts in my late teens, I went to have a CT scan. They inserted my head in a spanking-clean, radiation-dripping white uterus as some bored doctor examined my brain one mozzarella-flavored slice at a time. Again,

the test results were ambiguous.

It's debatable whether my neurological impairment has made me more creative, but I at least think it's allowed me to look at the world differently. Sitting here quietly, trying to decide whether I should polish my boots or take a hot shower, I thank the Lord Jesus Christ for my epilepsy. I've learned that God sometimes works in mysterious ways, even among the brain-damaged.

—Jim Goad



Seizuratics in the Streets

A taped skit by a pair of 16-year-old females named Ruby

KTTSV: Hi, we're back on KTTSV and we're going to be talking about disabled people who have seizureatics on the street. Now, we have, uh, Francine with us here and, Francine, we'd like to know--how old are you?

FRANCINE: I'm 24.

KTTSV: And how long have you been like this?

FRANCINE: Well, as long as I can remember.

KTTSV: And how far back can you remember?

FRANCINE: Like, a couple months ago.

KTTSV: OK. Do you lose your memory like every few years or months?

FRANCINE: I'd say my doctor tells me about every six months, the memory of the past six months just loses all together.

KTTSV: Would you like to tell us about your seizures on the streets? I mean, I mean, even regularly walking down the street--do they stare? Look? Point?

FRANCINE: Everybody stares and looks and points. I know they're looking. Maybe they don't think that I know they're looking, but I know they're looking.

KTTSV: What about when you have seizures on the streets?

FRANCINE: [coughing, giggling] Excuse me. See, the funny thing is, I don't have seizures anywhere else except for on the streets. [giggling] And when I do have seizures, um, I get this pulsating feeling in my brain and it runs through my body in my blood and, uh, it's just *horrifying*. Sometimes I think that I'm not gonna live through this one, you know?

KTTSV: That must be a very terrible feeling--I'm sorry.

FRANCINE: It is, it is. So, when I'm walking, all of a sudden I collapse, I start shaking, I start having these con...vul...sions. Uh! I feel one coming o-o-on! [giggling] Oh God, oh! Oh! It's just a slight tremor.

KTTSV: I see. Are you all right, Miss?

FRANCINE: I'm fine. Sometimes, you know, 'cause I had a seizure early this morning as I was walking

Sometimes epilepsy is caused by a brick to the head.
Illustration: Harvey Stafford



My Experience with Epilepsy

by Leo Kelly

In early 1993, me and a number of other people were hanging out in chess club at school, not playing chess but just avoiding lunch, to get that skinny look. Suddenly, Nathaniel, a Whitesnake fan, lay down under a table. I thought he was examining old pieces of chewing gum stuck under there, then he started flailing his limbs, and a creamy liquid, a bit like come, started cascading out of his mouth. I realized what was happening and screamed and ran outside, gasping like a boy possessed. I knew I should do something, but I was a virgin to fits, and knew not what to do. My mind went blank. Luckily two of my friends ran to get help, leaving me to contemplate life and death by a telegraph pole.

A couple of days later, all was normal. Nathaniel seemed perfectly OK, save for a purple bruise on his eye, presumably from when he had hit the floor. I have never looked at Whitesnake the same since. Or come.

As for diabetes, my old principal used to have it. Pupils would buy him boxes of chocolates, just to spite him.

Melissa

by Lisa Carver

I found something sexy about diabetes on the night of 8 July 1993. I was a guest in an attic along with four cats. As two of the cats drooled and sucked on my pillow, I decided to go sleep downstairs with my diabetic friend Melissa. A mutual friend asked to come over and talk with us. Melissa said, "No." No explanation, just "no." Melissa is a mean diabetic. So Melissa and I talked about sex for a really long time. She told me how her boyfriend pretends to rape her, and one time he was doing it and she wasn't responding so he did it more and more, and then she started convulsing and he realized she was having a fit. The next day, he kept saying he was sorry, but Melissa said she didn't mind--she couldn't remember it at all.

She told me what to do if she had a fit this night: don't listen to what she says (she might say she hates me or tell me to leave her alone), pry her mouth open and get her to swallow some juice. She said she would be scared and possibly hostile, unable to recognize me or her surroundings, and unable to communicate. She left a cup of juice by the bed. We then swapped more sex stories and fell asleep. In the middle of the night the retarded woman Melissa was attending started throwing chairs and howling. Melissa got out of bed and hollered at the woman to GET BACK IN BED! NOW! The woman did. I felt bad for her, and I

to the show...and, uh, sometimes I have these little aftershocks. But it's all right. I'm fine now, thanks.

KTTSV: OK, and what do people do when you have your seizures?

FRANCINE: People, they just, they...some people--the kind people--[say], "Do you need help, ma'am? Do you want us to call the doctor?" Just, some people just walk away like they don't notice. Some people just stand there and just stare, just stare at me as I'm going into these shaking convulsions and I can't take it! People just, people don't understand!

KTTSV: And, uh, do you live in a home?

FRANCINE: Yes, I live with my mother. I couldn't be able to take care of myself by my own--what if an attack came? I wouldn't know what to do.

KTTSV: Does, uh, she walk everywhere with you then?

FRANCINE: Pretty much everywhere. Except for when she goes to work at the nursing home. Just, like, every once in a while she'll let me go out on my own. But, like, if I've been on this wave of seizures, she won't let me. Are you laughing at me? At my twitches?

KTTSV: Francine, no, no, not at all. I think it's quite interesting. I was wondering if you would like to get rid of this problem of yours.

FRANCINE: Oh I would *love* to get rid of this problem. You don't *know* how lo-o-ong I've prayed, and just waited. Prayed to God--PLEASE! PLEASE! MAKE IT STO-O-OP! Please...

KTTSV: Um, do you know there's doctors that can fix this?

FRANCINE: No! What?!

KTTSV: Oh, there is, and they cost a lot, a lot of money. Are you rich?

FRANCINE: No, not at all. I collect cans on the street to pay for my food--I can't work. If I work somewhere, I'll start having...spasms.

KTTSV: OK, well, we've had a special doctor come in today to cure you. Would you like that?

FRANCINE: Oh, oh my God. Oh my God. [sobs] Rebecca, Rebecca, I love you. I love you. Oh God, I can't believe it!

KTTSV: OK, that is it for KTTSV, and she will be cured.

FRANCINE: [sobbing] Oh, thank you God. [kissing noises]



thought Melissa was being really harsh, but I have a soft spot for harsh women. I then dreamt that Melissa was a dominatrix political spy. Melissa told me the next day that she had dreamt we had sex and were political spies. Coincidence? Perhaps.

Melissa had to go get an abortion after that. It's dangerous for diabetics to bear young. It might make them die. Yet Melissa's mother was still sad that she was getting the abortion instead of having the kid.

I'll Never Hear "Every Rose Has Its Thorn" the Same

Again

by Lisa

An August '93 issue of *People* features a photo of Poison's lead singer Bret Michaels leaping shirtless over a dozen or so motorcycles, go-carts and dune buggies above an article in which he reveals how embarrassing it is to pass out from insulin shock in front of chicks. While Bret says his psychiatrist attributes his drinking problems to "frustration over being a human pin-cushion--having to take three insulin shots and prick myself eight times a day for blood tests," Bret maintains that he's not bitter or negative. "I'm like, 'Fuck, you're alive. That's a good start.'" Here's a paraphrase of the article: "I'm not supposed to drink because I'm diabetic, but I live the rocker life, so I get totally fucked up, and then my grandfather died from diabetes, and then I had a drink, and then my uncle had every single internal organ removed and then I had more drinks and I got four tattoos even though diabetics aren't supposed to because it could lead to infections, but hey, I'm a positive person, and then I had another drink and then pharmacists wouldn't give me needles because I look just like a junkie and then a hotel maid called the police because she poked herself on my needle in the garbage and she said she bet I had AIDS and so I had to go to jail but my doctor came and cleared me and I made it out in time to resume my grueling 18-month tour and, besides having 50 billion gold and platinum records, Poison has a different kind of security guard: diabetes guard. He wakes me up at 10 AM so I will take my shot and eat." Lifestyles of the Rich and Diabetic. Did some public relations person get a promotion for planting this hot story?

An Epileptic Cad

by Alex Behr

I liked a guy who worked in the same building as me. I mostly liked his car: an early '60s white Ford Falcon, with perfect red bosomish taillights. The more I knew about him the more perturbed I got. He'd just broken up, maybe, with a woman in her 50s who supported him. Every weekend

he had to clean buses because he assaulted a gay guy who made a pass at him. When he drove he liked to swerve into pedestrians, especially if they weren't Caucasian. He told me he'd spent time in jail for stealing Camaros, and had been in a coma for a few weeks after crashing his motorcycle that was going 100 mph. He liked Quiet Riot. He got mad at me for not taking pork chops out of the oven at his house. He made the bed springs squeak really loudly on purpose. He also told me he had epilepsy, but was frightened of hospitals. He told me to make sure he didn't choke on his tongue if he had a fit. I don't know if I was more worried about that or what my proper boss thought when he saw Jeff parading outside the office building without a shirt, clutching me to his side.

Canine Foaming

by Matt Hall

My dad had two small dogs: Big and Little. Big had epilepsy. He would have these fits, and he would jerk around. He eventually dug himself this little hole. He would flop into the hole and foam at the mouth. The neighbors would ask what we were doing to the dog. We took him to the vet, but there wasn't much we could do.

Pain!

[originally done as a comic]

by Brian Shane

Laughter has a way of turning to tears--as any child can tell you! Often, pain is at first a shock--a surprise--a hard slap in the face, that hits you when you're unaware, and having fun! It hits you out of the blue--instantly removing you from the unself-conscious, unbridled joy of one moment...and thrusting you into a self-conscious awareness of that joy which was

continued on page 31



BUDDY MAX

Over there at the intersection of country, bluegrass, polka and do-everything-yourself entrepreneurship stands Buddy Max, the Singing Flea Market Cowboy. If that name doesn't set off sirens and flashing lights in your head that spell out "the Leonardo da Vinci of country music," it's through no lack of effort on his part. For years and years Buddy Max would set foot on any talent show stage that would have him and a few that didn't know what they had when they got him. His was a familiar face to the hoboes one meets traveling via freight train to New Jersey and California in search of work. His guitar and harmonica were there for all the one-night stands at beer joints and restaurants where the pay was a bowl of spaghetti. Once he picked up every soda bottle along an 11-mile stretch so he could cash them in to get something to eat for Christmas. He's even dabbled in Biblical interpretation. So Henry Fonda might not come back from the dead to play him in *The Buddy Max Story*, but clearly, there's more than enough legend-building and myth-making the American public requires of its heroes here.

Buddy Max's ten LPs, all self-released, fuse the stylistic legacies of Hank Williams, Sr., Bill Monroe and Lawrence Welk as well as Jandek into a lonesome oompah loompah you'll never find anywhere else. Whether the result of personal conviction (*Tribute to the Challenger Crew of 7* or "Desert Storm," for example) or humility in the face of beauty ("When the Magnolia Tree Blooms in Lecanto"), the efforts of Buddy Max unfailingly reach for the stars.



Buddy, Freda, Johnny

What's your most popular song?

"When the Magnolia Tree Blooms in Lecanto" has been a great song since I wrote it. It's been on the radio station here, oh, for quite some time.

When did you write it?

I would say 1957.

Do you remember the first time you performed publicly?

It was at a talent show at St. Edwards Church in Milford, New Jersey. I did a song by a feller by name of Red River Dave who had a record, "Little Red Caboose Behind a Train," it was called. Some of the folks didn't care for me. Oh, I didn't quite win first prize. I got a pat on the back by Rev. Churak. He told me he was proud of me and I did a good job. That made me feel good. Even today, I just can't forget that.

What's your biggest hit?

There is no really big hit.

Do people ever yell for songs at your shows?

Well, once in a while. Not that often.

They're happy to hear whatever you play?

They're happy to hear whatever we play or whatever anybody plays.

What's the story behind the title *A Life to Tame and Torture*?

You mean *A Life to Fame and Fortune*.

Oh, I must have misread your handwriting.

There's a song... call it a recitation, on that album that talks about the life of fame and fortune. This truck driver, see, who wanted to become a big star, he gave up his truck driving. He takes his guitar and goes to these big places, see. And of course they only take him for his money. He gets back to his truck by hitchhiking. He gets back to singing to other truck drivers. The life of fame and fortune never became that great. Not for that feller.

Tell me about this big league trading card with your picture on it.

Why are you wearing roller skates over your shoulder?

We used to have a roller rink. On my first album I was billed as "The Roller Rink Cowboy." I usually give 'em away to kids. Some of the dealers at the flea market sell baseball cards and basketball cards and

whatever, so I give out the cards to them and like that, see. Some of 'em think a lot of 'em. Others, they say, "Who the hell is *this* guy?" or they give me a snubby look.

Is it true you've been running the same flea market since 1964?

Yeah. Sold mostly tomatoes and watermelons at first. It wasn't very big until people started moving into the area. It was more like what you'd call a yard sale or a rummage sale. It mushroomed up. We play our records over the loudspeakers and get so many good compliments. A lot of people come to the flea market just to listen to the records.

Do you ever perform at the flea markets?

Yes. Lots of others perform at the flea market also. Some rent spaces out, play their guitars and try to sell their tapes. Others gather at the top of the hill or under the trees. Lotta bluegrass and country. Some blues and polka.

What's your radio show like? Do you perform on it?

It's a polka country show, mostly polkas. Jolly Joe Koziol and I just play records. It's every Saturday from 10 AM until 12 on WLBE, Leesburg, Florida. It's about 45 miles from here, so I have to get up, do my chores, feed my chickens, cow, goat, and pigeons, set up the microphones for the two o'clock live country music show. When I come back from the radio show, there's usually a crowd waiting.

Tell me about your family.

We run the show together. My son John plays bass and opens the show when I'm not here. My wife Freda plays the chimes. She used to play the accordion but doesn't anymore. She watches the crowd, sells some tapes, makes sure everything's going good.

How long have you been married?

Since 1957.

How'd you first meet?

She was visiting her aunt's place in Largo, Florida.

Was your courtship romantic?

I got my guitar and sang her a love song. She says, "Buddy, I love you!" "Well," I says, "that's good enough for me."

You worked as a beekeeper for a while.

In my younger days. I worked for Roy Weaver. He was one of the biggest beekeepers in Texas. They raised mostly queens. They used to ship a lot of honey to the armed forces. Had a contract with the Army. We'd get a smoker and smoke the bees a little bit. The bees run in and we open the hives up. Usually we'd work without masks and gloves. One time, Mr. Roy Weaver says, "Hey, boys," he says, "I'm sending you to a cotton patch down south," he says, "You guys make sure you have your masks with you and your gloves," he says, "Cuz you're gonna need 'em." We laughed it off but we took them with us, 'cause you never know when a hive is going to be a little ornery. We went down to this cotton patch to get the honey off. They talk about these African bees nowadays that are so dangerous. Lemme tell ya something, I believe these were the ones. You couldn't get within 15, 20 feet of the hive and they start attacking you. We got the honey out but I got stung 500 times through my clothes. I says, "Why do you raise such ornery bees?" He says, "The more ornery they are, the more honey they make."

You're lucky you're not allergic.

I'm one of those guys who can always take it. Sometimes my hand would swell up a little. Most of the time it stings a little, you wipe 'em off, you get stung again, wipe another off.

Five hundred times. Don't bees die after they sting?

The honey bee, he has a stinger shaped like an arrow. That little barb holds it in your skin so when he stings you, he can't pull it out, see. He tries to pull it out but he can't without pulling his insides out. That's the end of the bee, see. A wasp or a hornet, for instance, they'll sting ya once or twice or four times. They can put their stinger in and pull it straight out.

And you worked as a taxidermist.

Yeah. When I was in California, I needed a job so I looked in the telephone book and came across a taxidermist. I thought, "Hey, I know this job a little bit, why not give it a try?" So I gave this feller a call. Mr. Bishoff says, "Sure, we can use a guy, come on down, we'll see whatcha know." So I went down and he got out an owl and I stuffed that owl okay. Roy Rogers, Errol Flynn, all those boys from Hollywood come over with fish and antelopes they want rugs made out of or stuffed, see, so they could hang 'em over the mantlepiece. Of course, we did a lot of work for the boys from the movie screen from that time. Boy, did Mr. Bishoff give me a job.

What's the toughest part of mounting animals?

You gotta be good at skinning something and taking it apart. There was this one fellow, he was from Hollywood there. He wanted to mount these horses he bought special, see. He had 'em killed, butchered, whatever you want to call it, see. I guess he made good use out of the meat. Then he took the skins and brought the whole thing into us. We mounted 'em, one of them in a rearing up position, one in a running position, one in a standing position. He wanted to take photographs of people on these horses. In other words, so they could look like real cowboys, you know. He made money.

How long does it take to stuff and mount a horse?

It took quite some time. You gotta salt 'em down and tan the hides or send the hides out to a tannery. Then you have to make a frame of the body out of plaster of paris, then you have to make a body out of papier-maché. These bodies were made special with wood and wire so they'd hold up, see. They looked beautiful. It took about a month. The owl only took two hours.

You also ran a rodeo for a time, didn't you?

We had a cow-pony pleasure club. They weren't actually rodeos, see. We did flag-racing, barrel-racing, and like that. I sang one or two songs during the performances of everybody else and I announced everything that went on during the rodeo. I also rode my horse around carrying the American flag. But I'll tell you one thing that happened: I was out there singing a song and what the boys did, oh, I guess they were laughing at me. They let out all the broncs and bulls while I was out there singing a song in the middle of the corral. Of course, I gave 'em heck over the loudspeaker. Then they rounded 'em up, put 'em back in their chutes. I guess that's what they thought of my singing. You can't win 'em all.

I'm curious about the Adam and Eve shows you used to put on at the Garden of Eden Theater.

It was a decent show. I can't create like God did, but it was biblical. God created Adam. That was me, see. It was outdoors, an open-air theater. We had real grass growing, real trees, animals in the back, in a fence,

each one in their own stall. Each animal would come out and Adam would name them. But there was no help for him so God created Eve. Adam laid down against a bunch of rocks over there and as he fell asleep, well, you'd see a rib go up, see. The rib was on a piece of real thin string that you couldn't see. Then of course the rib went down. I had a cape and Freda'd walk up and it looked like Eve was created out of the rib. Together they tended the garden until Eve ate the evil fruit. Both Adam and Eve were chased from the Garden of Eden by the cherub, played by my boy, Johnny. He had a flaming sword. I made it out of tin but it was open on the sides. I put gunnysacks inside of the tin. I dipped them in gasoline real fast right before the show. It was a real flaming sword. Then we started having gospel songs after the shows, see. We presented these shows on the religious side. We wore leotards, see. At times we didn't make money on the shows. We donated the shows to organizations and churches. About the biggest two were the Jewish organization and the Roman Catholic Church. They both brought in a lot of people.

How long did you do the Adam and Eve shows?

It went on for about five years. Finally we gave that up and went into bluegrass music.

Judging by the lyrics on a couple of your singles, "Desert Storm," and "Mr. and Mrs. Dixie," I would guess that civic pride is very important to you.

I'm proud of being a citizen of the U.S., don't get me wrong. Of course, the government puts lots of ordinances and restrictions on us, where we can't hardly do anything on our property. It's might tough for a man to get started today or do anything unless he's got plenty of money.

What restrictions have you come up against?

I had a permit from the FCC to put up a low-powered TV station. Heck, the zoning department closed the books in my face and told me to get the heck out. Of course, I could have gotten an attorney and fought it, but I didn't think it was worth it. We have a president of the U.S. who speaks about getting people jobs, getting people on their own, that may be true. Good luck to him, anyway. Only one thing: you get to places like Lecanto--and this isn't the only place--you have so many ordinances and restrictions against you, you can't get out on your own. If you're on foodstamps and welfare, you might as well just stay there. It's impossible. That is the truth. They want to build a four-lane highway through my property as well. I'll be losing a couple of buildings, my office building, the building we used to run the newspaper out of, *The Lecanto Star*, and another shed. They'll be taking away a good portion of my flea market business, where I make my money, see, the best part of it. A parking lot for about 300 cars they're taking away. I'm losing a lot. They're coming within three feet of my house where I live. I told 'em I can't live that way. The sirens and the horn blasts... we hear enough of that now. Or you get a drunk, throws a whiskey bottle out the window. Where's it gonna go? Through my front window. I don't know what's going to happen. Progress continues but they're messing me the heck up. I don't want their money. I don't want them to bother me. America is good, don't get me wrong. I love my country. In fact, I just wrote a song called "I Love Miss America." It's directed at the Statue of Liberty and freedom and democracy and opportunity, all the good things she has offered us.

interview and introduction by Seymour Glass

Classic Max by Lisa

There are two dominant themes to all ten Buddy Max albums (spanning 13 years). 1) Family is good; dolls who lead on guys and guys ("Do you call yourself a man?") who dump their wife and kids are bad. 2) While America is great, government is full of low-down, dirty crooks and communists, and curse the fate that brought Buddy cockroaches, scorpions and black widow spiders instead of money: "Doggonit!"

Buddy's singing style is peculiar--a plethora of "would"s and "did"s where they aren't needed, put in to try to get the right amount of syllables, but somehow it never does fit right. It's his New Jersey, matter-of-fact accent and Fauve approach to spoken word--rhyming stories that illustrate his few but fervent philosophies--that is most

endearing, though.

The guest artists are just as unique. There's Wally Jones* with his vivid imagery: "Her nose like an onion, but not quite as strong..."; Troy Holliday is incredulous at the stupidity of those who tell him the bible's not true; Freda contributes the poem "Pinky the Rabbit," starting with "I am a little rabbit and my name is Pinky..." and ending with Freda shooting with a rifle the wildcat that threatens Pinky. There's fiddling, yodeling; there's chimes, banjo, harmonica, more...

The covers are as incredible as the music. What other group would include six or seven photos of fans and friends (including names)--from chubby, scowling children to senior citizens in layers of checkered clothes--on each album? In an effort to get *everybody* in, there's even a 1/2" by 1/4" dark, blurry photo of "Izzy Miller waiting for Willy and the show to start." There are plenty of photos of the Max family as well. My favorite is Freda giving a dirty look at the back of Buddy's head as he chomps down on flapjacks with "Fred Stevens' pure maple syrup from Grassy Meadows, West Virginia." Each album also lists friends the Lord has called to Heaven since the last album.

All Buddy Max albums are \$8 post-paid from Buddy Max, c/o Cowboy Junction, Hwy 44 & 490, Lecanto, FL 32661

*"WALLY JONES, he plays and sings to you, one of our finest, is also an Income Tax Consultant. Call 904-726-8285 if need help to prepare your tax the right way."



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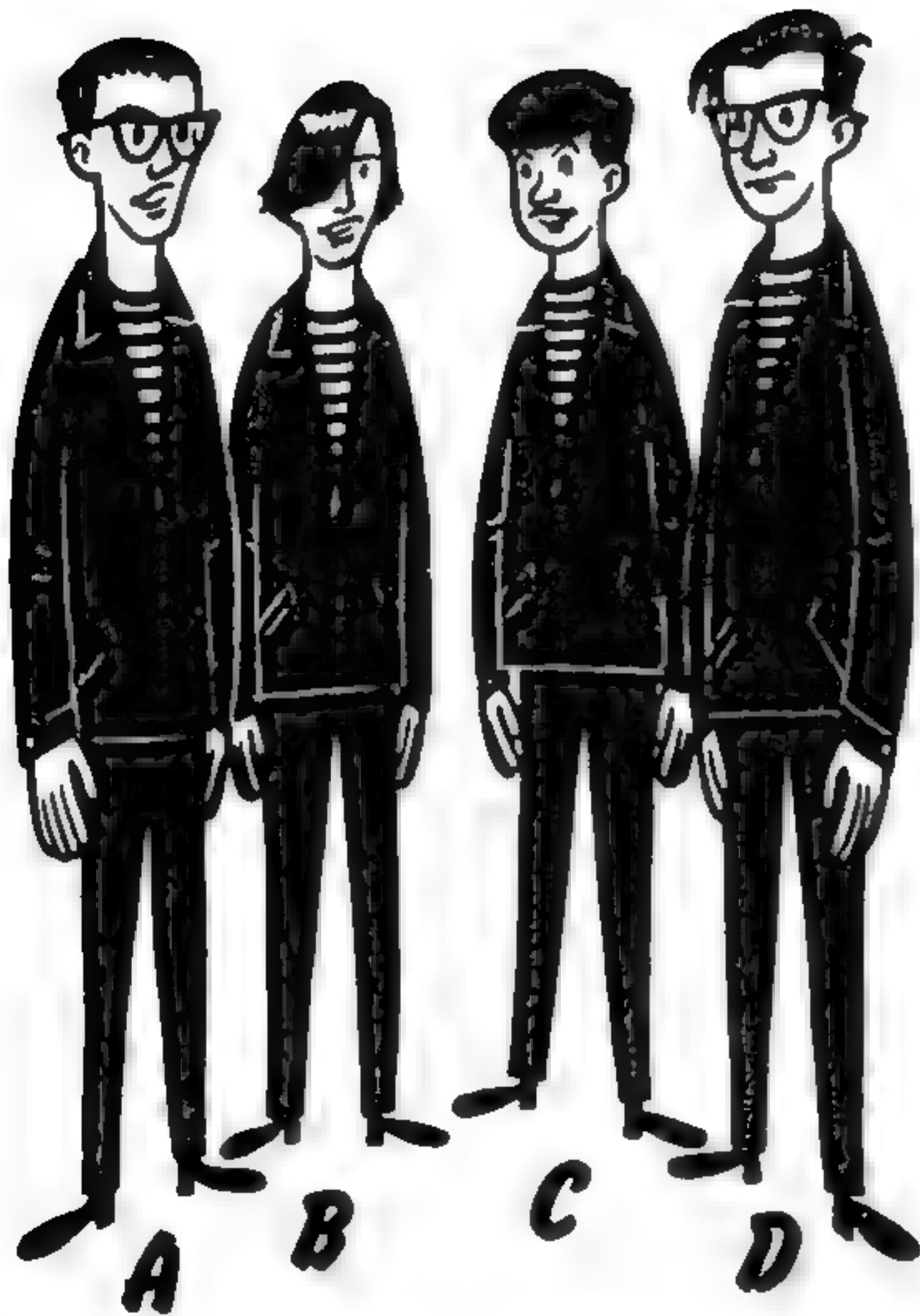
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THE COCTAILS AT THE PARADISE LOUNGE 8 OCTOBER

After an exceedingly hot number, they simultaneously took their matching jackets off. Sigh. Which one is cutest? A. is the most aesthetically perfect; B. has obvious leadership qualities; C. plays xylophone with unprecedented vigor; D. had the biggest instrument (stand-up bass). Oh, I couldn't choose one. It's all four or nothing. A real band's band. (I don't know who is whom, but one has the name Archer!!!) The music was so good! It was much more fevered than Lawrence Welk's. Each person played a different melody, and all four fit together in my body. I never had ears inside my ribs before! I was dancing in my seat! (There was floor space enough for only one person, and Grushenka from *The Brothers Karamazov* was doing her gypsy dance there.) I was so happy. Everyone was happy. I flirted with a stranger. At the same time, a girl from across the room smiled at me in a special way. I smiled back. There were THREE encores. A suave, sultry, funny evening

Cindy heard on the radio that there'll be a classic music ballroom dance at the end of this month in a big hall. So we're gonna take a crash course in waltzing and attend the ball! What'll I wear, what'll I wear?

The Coctails, 657 W. Lake St., Chl. IL 60661

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5 SF
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13 Bellingham, WA
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...

SMOG

Sewn to the Sky, the first Smog album, sounds like it was made by a ten-year-old boy lost in the desert who doesn't really mind being lost, although he doesn't exactly like it either. Then he finds a shack in the middle of the desert with a chair and a window and for the next few years he sits in the chair and looks out the window, thinking about what other people's lives might be like. Those stories are on *Forgotten Foundation*. *Julius Caesar*, the new Smog album on Drag City, is about when he went into town and got to know some women. It didn't go entirely well.

"Your Wedding" tells with Spanish ballad guitar, cello, and only two lines just how it feels to be abandoned by a person you were once inside. "What Kind of Angel" exposes the deepest, most personal pettiness and hatefulness and hypocrisy he found in his woman. His voice is low and sexy, close to our ear, as he destroys the woman with his words. Not since *Berlin* has there been such a bitter, horrid song. Mean, sad, utterly bereft of hope, and probably drunk, he goes on to wish in "Stick in the Mud" for his ex-lover to fail. On this same album are two of the gentlest songs ever made—"Golden" and "When You Walk." His adoration is so pure, it could be his daughter to whom he sings.

Pulled along by a buoyant guitar, "37 Push Ups" is a song of independence—in all its lonely, silent glory. The singer is staying in a winter rates seaside motel, listening to *Highway to Hell* on a cheap tape, doing push-ups not all that successfully (a wry comment on the delirium and despair of the rest of *Julius Caesar*—"I'm going up to go down again."). This seaside motel gives back to him what he lost when he set out from that shack in the desert—the serenity of being removed from humans. This song is a single star hurled into a blank, calm sky, and it's happy. Bill Callahan is one of the great thinkers of our time—one of those very few people possessing the (self-created) isolation in which one may linger over just a few moments instead of scurrying from activity to activity, from friend to friend, tripping into a new instant before the old one's done. When people meet Bill, they are almost always put off by his quietness. They read into his silence whatever insecurities they have: "Does Bill ignore me because he thinks I'm stupid/a gossip/etc.?" He's just thinking.



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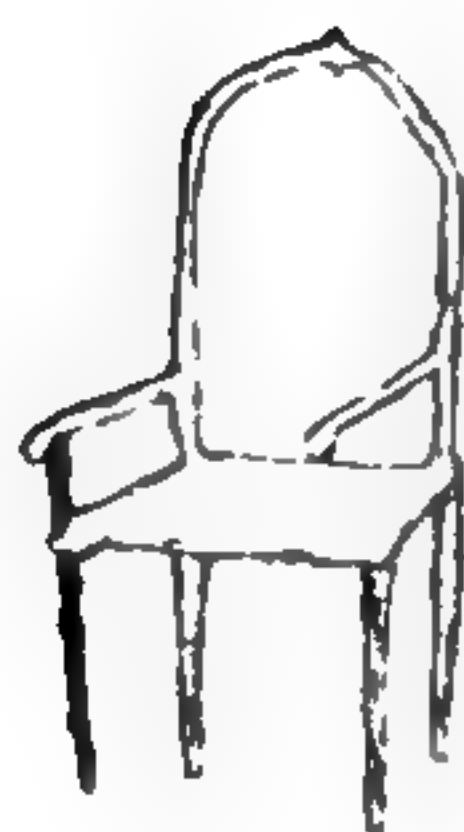
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Why I Want to Rape Olivia Newton-John*



by Lisa

Olivia Newton-John is usually portrayed in posters with light coming out of her head and a gentle breeze lifting her hair. Her voice is delicate and pure. People think she is sugary or lightweight. They're wrong; she's way deep. Genitorturer and other S/M underground singers would do well to study how Olivia eschews meaningless rituals (being dragged around by a dog collar--symbolic to the point of unrealness) and goes to the original relationship that all power struggles come from/seek to re-enact: mother and baby. She plays both parts.

In "A Little More Love" Olivia explores the repulsion/fascination of being somebody's baby--of one's fate being in another's hands. "Night is dragging her feet. I wait alone in the heat." The urgency in her voice thrills me. She is like a snake or a great cat or a ferret in her desire. She is a predator for the arrival of this man, no matter how much misery it might bring. This is not Olivia's natural state. Is she waiting in the falling dark in her bedroom, little feet tucked under her little bum? Is she standing against a shed on top of a grassy hill, watching for his car that might never come? The air is heavy, unmoving... The music is uncharacteristically thick, low, dragging. There come these little sharp jabs of trebly guitar that sound like Olivia snapping her head each time she hears a footstep or car engine. Blonde Olivia, waiting. "I know, know that you'll have your way till you have to go home--'no' is a word I can't say." The suffering is there, but there is something else too: some wonderful, quivering joy in this frustrating desire, and she is aware of it. "I'm trapped...in the warmth of your arms.... It gets me nowhere to tell you no." He took her innocence. He takes whatever he wants. She's can't get away. There is something overwhelmingly sultry in being subject to another's whims. ~~It gets me nowhere to tell you no!~~ "It gets me nowhere to tell you no!" Olivia cries out, angry and celebrating. Love and misery dance through her blood, wild and electric. Just say yes.

Olivia's message is not a simple case of contradiction, like, say, Babes In Toyland dressing like sweet little girls while making music like a garbage disposal with a fork in it--Olivia encompasses *apparent* contradictions without presenting them as such*, allowing us to redefine concepts such as: "People get along well when they're honest." How far are you willing to take honesty? Would you admit every last disgusting, pathetic aspect of your relationships? Olivia does. (Oh, goodness, I just got a definitely sexual feeling from writing those last two sentences! Why does it excite me in *that way* that Olivia is honest about her pathetic position in "A Little More Love"? Am I a pervert?)

Like a child, Olivia responds to this guy's abuse by offering more love. She is tender. Like a child, she surrenders. Like a mother, she is wise and knows that the man is unhappy and afraid, and that's why he's acting like a cad. "Would a little more love make it right?" She knows the right way, and waits for

her little bad boy to figure it out. Her strength is so supple, so free of vindictiveness. Like a lake you want to drink from. I am nothing like her. I am analytical, ambitious, argumentative, jealous, lost, and bossy. Olivia likes those kind of people.

I find it terribly exciting that there is no resolution in "A Little More Love" (i.e., destruction of one or the other--her desire or her unhappiness). No happily ever after, no compromise. It is the one moment of waiting, caught, which will flood my body any time I play track 9 of my *Olivia* CD.

I had a fantasy about Olivia. She was walking along the train tracks in Dover, New Hampshire. It is a very happy, lonely place with trees and sky. I was following her. She knew I was there, but didn't turn around. I pushed her. She said oof and fell, scraping her little palms and little white chin. Then I was on top of her, bashing her face which was twisted towards me. She wasn't mad that I was kicking her. She absorbed my kicks the way a pond swallows the rocks a child throws at it. Olivia is too pliant to be overpowered. I hoped she would forgive me and not leave me. It's a pretty big deal getting left by one's parents. (When I was four through eleven, my mother and father kept going to the hospital and jail, respectively.) I think that's where all sadism comes from--being convinced one will be left, and trying to hasten the sad event by being a jerk.

But there's something eternal in Olivia. She promises in "Deeper Than the Night": "I'll never, ever change." Sometimes people say that, but I don't believe them. I believe Olivia because she is so knowledgeable--she knows all the badness I'm capable of before I even do it, so it's not like she's going to change her mind about me when I fuck up. All of her songs are reassuring...except *one*. It terrifies me, so I never listen to it. I don't even remember the title. She says, "I'm not gonna take the fall for all your indecision." She's finally fed up. If she said that to me, I'd shape up!

In "Have You Never Been Mellow" Olivia's voice is a cool hand running across the sheets of a just made bed, and I want to do what she tells me to do. When the listener has forgotten the last letter of the last word of the line, Olivia will drop it in. She's thorough. One would feel safe in the dark if *she* were down the hall. Rolling into her eternal arms is like rolling into yourself, but the right self--the self you really are. Softly she sings, "Now you're not hard to understand--you need someone to take your hand." That sentiment could easily turn my stomach had someone else said it, but *her* voice is like butterfly wings on my cheek, and suddenly it sounds like a good idea.

There is one more thing I'd like to say in Olivia Newton-John's favor--the choice of a burping cowboy as backup singer on "If You Love Me (Let Me Know)" was truly unique.

*This is most apparent in Olivia's movies, where she plays good girls who do bad things and no one minds. In *Grease* the major conflict is

*It's because I'm a troubled young lady.

that Olivia's 18-year-old character Sandy won't have sex with John Travolta's leather-jacketed character Danny. In the end Sandy gets a perm and wears hoop earrings and black leather. She puts her hand on the shocked boy's chest and pushes him through a rotating tunnel at an amusement park, telling him, "You're the one that I want!" (Danny's line "I got chills, they're multiplying, and I'm losing control, 'cause the power you're supplying--it's electrifying!" is entirely understandable in this situation!) Sandy is obviously going to have sex with Danny at the day's end, and the whole school is singing "dippety-dip-de-dip!" to celebrate. In *Grease* "evil" (de-virginizing a "good" '50s girl) wins out in the end. Surprising!

But Olivia is no "good girl gone bad." She does "bad" things just as nicely as she does "good" things. In *Xanadu* she asks a date to sneak her after dark into the control booth of a sort of amusement park studio used to inspire recording artists. Delighted, she asks him to push all the buttons at once--get the whole thing going. "I don't know how to run this thing. I'm afraid I'll break something," he frets. "Well push them all *gently* then!" There's no guilty "we're breaking fucking society's rules, heh, heh" pleasure here--Olivia's wearing the same innocent, shining smile she wore earlier while roller-skating legally in the park. (In "Magic" she sings, "Nothing can stand in our way." There can always be a suspension of the rules or a loophole through them when Olivia's around.) Breaking into the studio could wreck this guy's current life, yet Olivia is happy doing it, and she makes him happy. "Everything in our culture is based on guilt and blame and obligation," said Khiron in *Rollerderby* #11. Olivia doesn't operate like that. She does what brings her and others pleasure and joy, and judges nothing and no one. (Occasionally she's miserable, but that's always brought on by others' inept living.)

I know what is right for you. Haven't I always?
-Deeper Than the Night
You know where I am. Come around... -Sam
Come take my hand. You should know me--I've always
been in your mind. You know I will be kind. -Magic

THE ORKLY KID (starring Crispin Glover as Larry) VIDEO

Begins with a Larry's silhouette at the top of a hill with the moon abnormally large in the deep blue sky behind him. He's singing to an Olivia Newton-John song playing on his tape player. Real beautiful. He creeps home and looks at a poster of *her*, her glowing skin and hair illuminated even more by a fish tank's light. Then reality breaks in in the form of his mom knocking at the door--does he want another quilt? Sweating, he takes off his blond wig, puts it in a tackle box, and says no, he's toasty warm. Most of the rest of the movie takes place in a diner that appears to be the only place to eat in Orkly, Idaho, and in the high school auditorium, and involves baton twirling, mother-daughter duets, and betrayal. Finishes with one of the most magnificent fuck-it-all scenes of all time. (Sensible Media, 262 E 100 South, Salt Lake City UT 84111) LG

FAMILY FIRST VIDEO

It's about how if you are well-groomed and get together one night a week with your family and jump up and down on a trampoline and discuss mutual interests and develop faith in Christ, you'll be able to handle disappointments such as not getting a promotion or being driven out of a neighborhood by some bad boys. Looks fun! (Free. Call 1 (800) 535- 9953.)



CINDY DALL -

CINDY DALL: Olivia Newton-John sees what it's useless to struggle against. Remember when I was telling you there are some things you have to accept? My sister is *not* accepting how my parents are, and she's continuously standing up to them, and she's getting smashed down every day. It's not helping a thing. There was this girl in Somalia who said when she first got there she couldn't do anything because she couldn't accept that [foster] parents were just starving these kids [because the infants came from another tribe]. Now she's accepted it and she can help, and change it. Just saying no, no, no is just wasted energy. Olivia Newton-John says, "I don't know why you say the things you do. Maybe in time I'll understand." She's so far up she can't understand why this man's so befuddled, but she accepts it--she's patient.

LISA: I think when you were a child, Olivia seemed like a way out. She was on the other side of freedom, beckoning to you. And she had the strength to pull you through if you were just ready for her.

CINDY: Initially her voice was what attracted me. And then in *Xanadu* she spoke of a little haven where nobody else could go. It seems like you're really attracted to her because she emanates goodness. To me, she just offered a sanctuary, and it didn't necessarily mean she was good.

Her voice is heavenly. It's ethereal. Not guttural or earthy. I was surrounded with so much reality. I felt strapped to the earth, and to my parents' home in particular. I followed her voice out. I felt like she was specifically talking to me. At the dinner table I would hear her songs note for note in my head, drowning out the yelling.

[Here a page of the interview was lost because it flew off a roof. The original tape is nowhere to be found. We resume with:]

CINDY: Sometimes violence is the only response. If you're removed from a situation, you can see ten choices, but when you're in it, sometimes there's only one choice left. My mom would come into my room and I didn't know what she would do--I had to think, "OK, if she does this, I'll do that." If she started hitting me and wouldn't stop, I knew I had it in me to cripple her or kill her. I could visualize it. My only worry was that she would be too strong.

LISA: And did you hit her back?

CINDY: For the longest time I didn't. Finally I realized I hated her, and she was hitting me in the kitchen and I shoved her against the stove really hard.

LISA: Did that stop her?

CINDY: That day it did. There's no logic where she's concerned--you can't teach her to stop; you can only stun her temporarily.

LISA: Did you ever call the police?

CINDY: They'd come, my parents are well-spoken... I showed a puffy lip and bruise to my guidance counselor and he called Child Protective Services and they sent someone over a month later who left a business card in the door. My step-father saw it. He said, "If you pull a stunt like that ever again, you won't be able to walk." One day I started hyperventilating in class--an anxiety attack--and I had to go to a psychologist after that. But I lied--I knew they gave written reports to my parents.

I did something horrible--I got drunk before babysitting. That time my mother actually ripped my favorite pants right off my body. It was almost like rape. When I was 13, I realized that I had to run away. I moved in with this rich guy in Hollywood who just let anyone stay there. People were so nice to me. I'd be in Dunkin Donuts, I'd meet someone who'd let me stay at their house or would feed me.

[Another page lost]

LISA: In *The Brothers Karamazov*, Ivan said things similar to what you just said. He said, "What do you do when the lord of a manor has his hounds hunt down an eight-year-old boy and rip him to shreds in front of his mother--for sport?" Alexi, the Jesus Christ figure, didn't know quite what to say. But he wanted to say you have to love this person.

CINDY: Why? This person's a fucker. This person will fuck with you. That's what I'm trying to tell my sister. She's trying continuously to

-fierce!

help my mom get out of a situation. My mom doesn't *want* her help. My mom has fucked her over every time she's tried to help, she always *will* fuck her over. I got wasted in the process of trying to help my mom. Everyone thinks that they're so infinite, that this love they feel is infinite. It's not. You're very finite. Sometimes I see myself as really black and big—enormous, and I can't see the edges of myself. But I know that the "I" within that, the part of me that is actually productive, is very finite. I'm very careful now what I do with my time. I feel that in the state of the world today, everything I do is imperative. In the 1940s or 1950s I think I would have been a pacifist because it was comfortable. Society, the world, wasn't in ruins. It is in ruins now, and I'm not a pacifist in any way. We don't have the money or the time. We have to be realistic about it. Sometimes morality is a luxury. When a civilization realizes they've covered all the land they can, they become brutal. I'm not sure about this. I just know I'm brutal because I know there's no place free of other humans for me to go.

LISA: I think some people in every decade would say there's no time to be moral. I still think it's important to forgive, even though I fail at it.

CINDY: I know I can't do that and I'm not going to torture myself with an ideal with which I can't live. I don't even *want* to live that ideal. There are some people that I naturally forgive. There are some people that I naturally never will forgive. But I'm not going to make myself feel bad for something I don't feel. When I see pettiness in me, that's when I feel bad. Most things I feel, I feel for a reason. To make this ideal that I've never been and never will be—and I've never known anyone who was—I see that as a waste of time.

LISA: You don't think you should shoot for something higher than what you already are?

CINDY: No. I can only be what I am. I have an idea of what I can be—what I specifically can be. But that's not what you can be or what anyone else can be. I know what my capacities are as a human being, and I try not to have a goal that I'm not. I'm not Jesus Christ. I'm not all-forgiving...at all. You can't control who you love, why should you control who you hate? Or whom you can't forgive? I do forgive some people, but it is a feeling that takes over. Do you understand? You're angering me almost! You can really waste yourself. *[Lisa had been feeling like a bad person and telling Cindy about it for weeks.]*

LISA: How do you feel this all connects with Olivia?

CINDY: She's doing all that she can do. She says, "I was born to love you. Don't break my heart because you're the only one that can heal it." It's not fate—it's just a sense of what is right.

LISA: For her it is to love. What is it for you?

CINDY: It's also for me to love. But it's not just for love. I also feel there are some people I just can't help hating. Like my ex-best friend Amy who slept with my boyfriend. If I saw her bleeding in the street, I wouldn't help her.

LISA: So some people are born to rape, and if somebody rapes you, they just did what they had to do.

CINDY: After a while what you'll become is pretty unreversable. Henry Lee Lucas wasn't born a serial killer, but after certain things happened, he had to become one. And if someone rapes me, all I can do is hate them and shoot them. I have no mercy for rapists. I could shoot them and not care at all. I don't even want to hear about their life. And if I did [hear], I just don't care. At all. If it ever comes to [killing a rapist], I have no problem with it. Everybody has to do what they have to do. That's why I don't hate Darcy at all. Even though she took my apron. I was pissed, but on the other hand I don't expect her to do anything but be Darcy. I have almost no expectations for human beings unless I'm most intimate with them—then I expect certain things from them. I have no expectations for Darcy to be an ideal, good person. She can only be what she is. I knew how she was. I knew that I shouldn't leave that

apron out. I'm not angry at her, because I did that to myself—I left the apron out.

LISA: I wonder how the world would be if everyone believed that philosophy.

CINDY: Everyone acts it.

LISA: Sometimes I have the desire to spin Cheetah around by her tail and smash her into the wall. I don't act on it.

CINDY: There are a lot of impulses I don't act on—I think because I don't really want to do them. Do you really want to smash Cheetah?

LISA: Yeah, I do. I love Cheetah so much—I'd rather suffer than have her suffer. But I want to smash her. It's in me. It's what I am.

CINDY: It's not all that you are. In class I suddenly wanted to stand up and shoot my math teacher. I pictured him falling against the chalkboard and blood all around. I told everyone. They thought I was crazy, but they laughed. I like to document all my violent fantasies. You shouldn't be afraid of violence in yourself. I didn't want to end my math teacher's life. I didn't want to see his blood splattered across the chalkboard. I liked the guy. It was just a fantasy. I don't follow each impulse. I follow a combination of things. I've had tons of sex fantasies about my brother and he's had tons of sex fantasies about me, but the reality of it makes me sick.



Above: Cindy, age five.
Cindy says that her mother can be nice, maternal & protective too.
INTERVIEW TOOK PLACE SPRING '93

Fantasy House Cindy Doll photo: B. Callahan, Renee and Heidi Doll photos: J. Taylor, Graphics Editor: Olivier the Great. Rosie Hernandez photo: B. Callahan
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BOYD RICE--*paternal*

In January '93 Cindy and I had just met, and we leapt into battle. We did nothing casual. We were developing a fondness for each other, but were still checking each other out like two tomcats. I had never met my heated arguments match before. It was exciting! Boyd Rice's name came up in a discussion about abortion. I said, "I hate him. He's hateful. I don't even want to talk about him. He makes me sick." We actually yelled at each other! Cindy said I was deriving conclusions about him from his imagery, yet if I admitted he's manipulative in other areas, why did I take that one thing (his image) at face-value? Cindy was fascinated by him because she and Boyd had similar values and tastes, and if it were true he was a racist, then where and why did their parallel paths diverge? I was pissed that Cindy was fascinated. I felt he was using his intelligence to set up situations where he would always be on top instead of just clearly stating things. I felt he was choosing power over truth. Cindy said she didn't care if he chose that. At that, I turned over my chair getting up from it and took a LONG walk.

It got to where I was telling everyone I knew that I hated Boyd Rice. Finally, I sent him an angry letter--something I'd never done to a stranger before--telling him how I was "against" him and his sly ways. I'd read enough Harlequin Romances I should've seen that soon I'd want to be "against" this dark stranger in quite a different way...



Father "Bev" and Boyd circa 1960

LISA: I like my father a lot, but he's not Daddy anymore. He's not my judge or my idol anymore. Every now and then I run across someone sophisticated enough to make me feel naive enough to get that Daddy's-here feeling. It makes me want to spill my guts to them and try to please them and I also get antagonistic and rebel against them in a silly way, even if they don't even know me. You're very sophisticated. Do people often react to you like how I described?

BOYD RICE: I *always* get that treatment. Always. I sometimes think it's a curse. It's a very schitzo thing to have people love you beyond the bounds of what's reasonable and appropriate, yet perceive you as a threat to their autonomy or so-called individuality. It's tiresome.

The last girl [my fiancée] actually called me Daddy and everything.

LISA: How old was she?

BOYD: Well, I'm old enough to be her father.

LISA: Was she half your age?

BOYD: Yeah.

LISA: How is incest an attractive idea?

BOYD: You should ask some of your girlfriends this one, because the idea of incest is obviously far more attractive to gals than guys (or so it would appear to me). I'm always running into girls who have something about their father or they want to be fucked by a guy dressed like a priest... I don't know many guys who say, "Yeah, I always had fantasies about my mom."

I get letters from one girl who wants me to father her a child (a boy) so she can have sex with him and be impregnated by him so as to eventually have another child (a son by my son) with whom she could also have sex. You gals are *sokinky*.

LISA: Are you gonna have a baby?

BOYD: Um, I don't know. I sometimes wonder if that'll ever happen. I was actually just engaged to be married to somebody, and then this person just absolutely kind of went psychotic on me. I've just had so many bad experiences with people at this point in my life, I'm just kinda thinking, you know—maybe this is never gonna happen. I'd like to have a baby. I'd like to have some little Boyds...

LISA: I'll tell you a dream I had about you which is *telling*. You had a little girl who was six years old. She flipped over her bicycle handles. She told me it felt like diving into a pool of nothing. I asked her what impact felt like; she said she preferred not to think about that. I told you you had a charming daughter. You said your wife and child were like leaves of grass—you could throw them away and not notice. So, I was very excited in my dream because this time I wasn't the six-year-old—as an adult, I had the chance of exercising some control over you, maybe sexually. Maybe these girls who act "schitzo" with you sort of felt cast off by their father, and now they want to get some control over you so they can re-do their childhood, remake it. Yet there's also the drive to go back again and again to the way things were—to not be in control at

all (maybe in order to try to understand). It's a conflict. Plus it can be fun.

BOYD: Yeah. Hm. It seems to happen over and over again. And I don't think most people are aware of it. You seem to be aware of what your motivations are or what's driving you, but most people don't seem to be.

LISA: Is there anything good about being someone who attracts this behavior?

BOYD: I don't know. I thought it could be good in the last situation I had because this girl's really conscious of being attracted to her father, yet she wasn't really sexually attracted to him 'cause she didn't like the way he looked. So she wanted somebody who could, you know, fulfil the same things as her father fulfilled for her, but, you know, the sex would be there too. So I thought, "Oh, this is gonna be really good!" Because all these people sort of fall into this thing, but it's a trap. But I think there are things that *could* be traps for you that—if you go into them with some amount of self-awareness and you know what your motivations are—they could work for you. They could be beautiful slavery instead of horrible slavery. It can be a stepping stone instead of a stumbling block.

LISA: So it's not just a passive role for you, or a reaction. You actually encouraged it.

BOYD: Yeah, I encouraged it with her 'cause I thought it could be a positive thing. It's not a weird thing to fuck with people's mind—"Oh, when we have sex, pretend I'm your father." Yeah, I don't know if just everyone out in the world is just fucking crazy, or if I attract people who... [*breaks up laughing*] I don't know what the deal is. I've had interaction with a lot of people who ought to be locked up or on medicine.

LISA: Do you ever get it from males--them being attracted to you and weirdly angry at you at the same time?

BOYD: Oh, yeah, completely. People have dressed just like me, buy all the same records I listen to... At a certain point, they realize they're living in somebody else's shadow, and they're going through these motions, and they get pissed off and throw their resentment onto me. Don't blame me for what you're doing! But of course, they aren't really aware enough to realize

I will be your father figure

Put your tiny hand in mine

...I'll be your daddy...

I will be the one who loves you till the end of time...

-George Michaels, "Father Figure"

actually what's going on, so it's just some weird, confused thing from these emotions gone crazy.

LISA: Have you ever felt like that with someone?

BOYD: No. The people that I admire, I'm conscious of the fact that I admire, and I'm conscious that I'm doing something to walk in somebody else's footsteps, and I don't feel any resentment towards them. When people come and copy me, I don't think they're being synchophants; I just think there are certain ideals that are irresistible, and you have to—you have to submit to them. When I see things that are irresistible, I just submit totally to them, and I'm conscious of being worshipful of them. So I never get in a position where I have to resent someone, or [*whining*]: "I'm using someone else's ideal, that means I'm unoriginal." I don't think anyone's really original. There's this young guy in Denver named Sean Partridge—he's in the Partridge Family Temple. And I get so much stimulation

I want to be mothered

& fathered

& sistered

& brothered

--it's gonna be gruesome & grand

-Barry Manilow, "I Want To Be Somebody's Baby"

from this guy, and there's so many things that he does that effect my life, and I just fall into line with this stuff, because it's great and it's fun. And I never have any resentment to Sean because I'm getting into his ideas. When somebody has stimulating ideas...

LISA: People act weird with me sometimes too. People who don't know me being really hostile. They'll send a letter: "You don't have time for someone like *meanymore*." They're mad at me and we've never even met. If I write back—no matter what I say—they get very nice and friendly.

BOYD: It reaches the point with people like that where it's more fun to have some sort of negative interaction with them. They can give back more stimulation on that level.

There's this weird guy...you might not want to print me calling him a weird guy 'cause he might get out of jail at some point—but probably not. He killed a hairdresser and an optometrist because they were bleaching people's hair blond and giving them blue contact lenses. He was some white guy who said they were feeding off the ideal of Aryan beauty or something. It was this completely nuts thing. Then I find out that this is this obsessed guy who used to write to me. I knew from the get-go that this guy was a fucking nut. I thought, some day this guy's violence is going to spill out and it's going to spill out on some completely inappropriate target—and I don't want to be anywhere within striking distance. And his letters just got weirder and weirder: "I know you aren't writing me because you heard I'm homosexual. But I spilled my seed in every porno booth in this city. And if you and your people kidnap a girl and tie her down over a pentagram, I'll fuck her in front of you to prove that I'm a man."

LISA: Ooh!

BOYD: I'm thinking, *Jesus Christ*

LISA: Why did he write to you?

BOYD: He thought we had a lot in common; he wanted to be my pal. Except, right away he started writing these snide things: "Yeah, you and your friends talk about violence, but some of us are out actually doing it." I thought, "This little fucking pencil-necked geek! He sits in his room reading books and masturbating and has the nerve to write these snide letters to me." But it turns out he had already killed the first person before he started writing to me, so he was actually telling me the truth.

This guy was basically some Nazi of some sort or other. His whole thing is so convoluted... He's the kind of person who would've gone out and killed people regardless—he was just coming up with some weird justification for it. I mean, how angry can people really get that beauticians are dyeing people's hair blond? Imagine the sort of person that that would really eat away at: "YOU *FUCKING* BEAUTICIAN!"

LISA: /have a thing about beauticians. They just grab your head and do whatever they want to it. They're like gynecologists. It's thrilling to be manipulated like that in a business-like way. Maybe that was this guy's problem.

BOYD: I think his problem was that he didn't go out on dates enough. He had a lot of time on his hands to think about stuff.

LISA: He was mad!

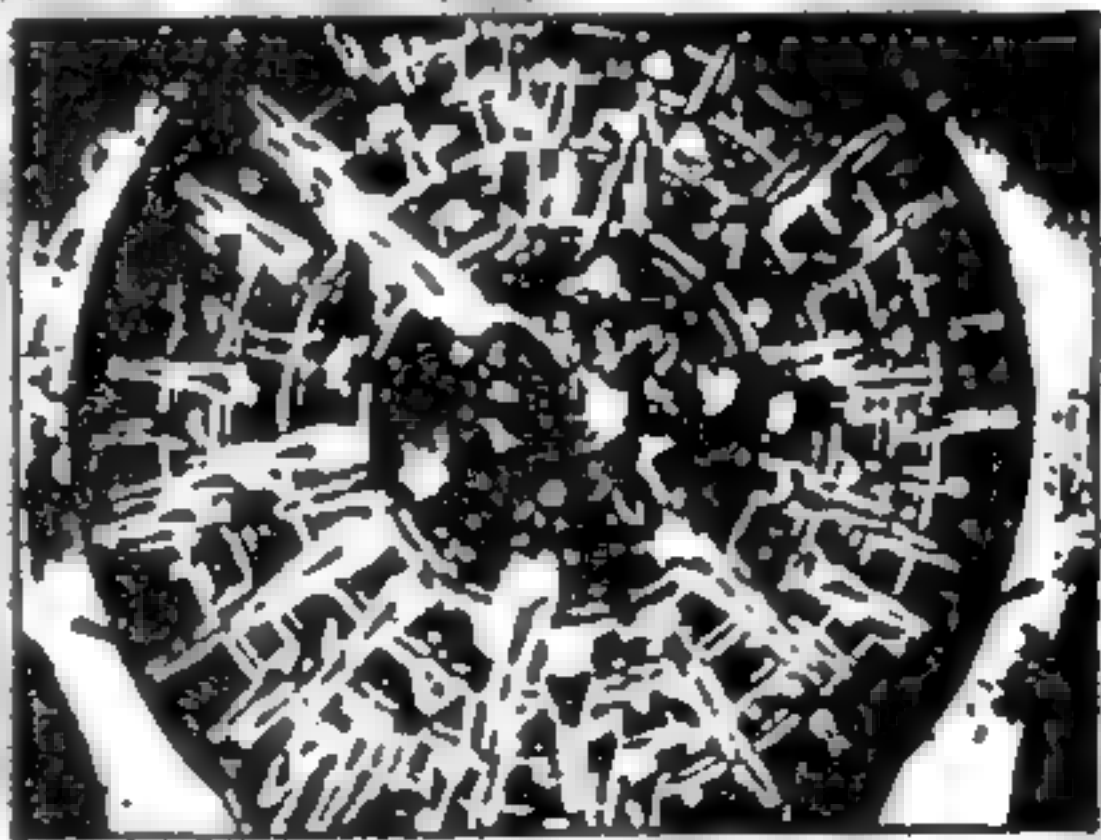
BOYD: He was mad as hell. He had to take matters into his own hands.

LISA: And I guess he did.

9/93

*next page: the person I've known longer
than anyone except my parents.*

wider



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LISA: Can I interview you about incest?
 RACHEL: As long as you don't get squeamish.
 LISA: Well--
 RACHEL: Do you think this would be very interesting?
 LISA: Well--
 RACHEL: [*accusing*] Are you doing this because I'm in love with my brother?
 LISA: Be quiet!
 RACHEL: Just be honest.
 LISA: Of course that's why--you have some *experience*.
 RACHEL: The thing I have for my brother is very pure and good.
 LISA: When did it start?
 RACHEL: As long as I can remember, it was like this. I remember waiting for his bus, even before I was in school. It's hard to know where the line is crossed.
 LISA: See, I'm not really into my father, just the figure. I mean, if he weren't my father, I could go for him. But there's so much taboo surrounding incest, why bother doing it when you already have a good familial relationship--which you don't want to endanger--and when there are plenty of other interesting people out there to have sex with. But I think you have a real relationship with the actual person **Boyd**, a romantic relationship.
 RACHEL: This is very hard for me to talk about.
 LISA: Have you and he ever talked about it?
 RACHEL: Oh, *never*. Never. I'll start a sentence, like: "It's easy for us to harmonize--" and he'll say, "--when you're essentially the same person."
 LISA: Are you sure he wasn't just talking about singing?
 RACHEL: No, he always says that we're essentially the same person.
 LISA: You look a lot alike. When was it at its apex?
 RACHEL: Good or bad?
 LISA: When was it most apparent that you two were, you know, kind of in love?
 RACHEL: I don't know. It was hard when I was a teenager. We'd hold hands. I was 14, he was 20. That was hard because I was sort of interested in having boyfriends, but no one really appealed to me. He's a very ideal person for me. And then when I started going out with Chris when I was 16--we were sitting on a dock and I said, "I should tell you I'm in love with my brother." He said, "Oh. Hm." I also use it to protect myself; I have a problem being intimate with people outside my family.
 LISA: Do you think it would be good for you and **Boyd** to talk about it?
 RACHEL: Yeah, but we don't have those kinds of conversations, he and I. I wrote an epic poem about it. It was called "I

Watched You First."
 LISA: Was he glad when you got a boyfriend?
 RACHEL: No. He was very protective of me. Then again, all my brothers and sisters are protective of me. Mimi said Chris was a "bad seed." **Boyd** felt uncomfortable with it. He was unhappy about it. And I felt I was betraying him, abandoning him. I felt guilty, and it effected my sexual life a lot.
 LISA: I could picture **Boyd** being a priest.
 RACHEL: He's a lusty, zesty guy.
 LISA: He's incredibly funny. I don't mean he's cloistered. He just seems like someone who could really follow through on some virtues that he decided were the ones for him.
 RACHEL: And he has a high respect for women, and I think he would feel it was disrespectful to make those sorts of moves on a woman. He's a person with very high ideals, and very romantic.
 LISA: Does anyone else in your family have a thing for any other family member?
 RACHEL: No. And **Boyd** would probably deny it [about us]. If he knew I was talking about it, he would probably look at me with such a look that I would get physically sick.
 LISA: But you're *sure* he felt it too?
 RACHEL: Sometimes I don't know. I've talked to other people about it, and they've said, "There's definitely something special between you two." I had a lot of pain from trying to be what he wants me to be, being so eager to please him that I just made a fool out of myself, and made us both uncomfortable. I'm such a strong person in every other way, then I'm such a child around him.
 LISA: Did you ever try to turn someone else into Simon?
 RACHEL: I don't know. What do you think?
 LISA: I never saw that.
 RACHEL: I don't think it's possible. He's enough, thanks. I remember sitting at a big, old, scarred table with him in a slave cabin on a former slave plantation in Maryland. I was 19. I was just finally beginning to admit to myself my own feelings about him. I was so loyal to him, I felt it was invasive to **Boyd**'s privacy to even say it to myself. Most things in my family are unspoken and understood.
 LISA: Even though you're part of your family, it is your life. You have those feelings--their yours. And you didn't ask for them.
 RACHEL: Sometimes I wonder what I make up.
 LISA: Who knows, maybe **Boyd** would--
 RACHEL: It's unthinkable, Lisa.
 LISA: Rache, I think Boyd likes me!
 RACHEL: Boys?

LISA: Boyd.
 RACHEL: Oh! I thought you said "boys." All of them? Even the ones who like me? Lisa, he's a racist. What do you want me to say?
 LISA: Well...a lot of people may be hidden racists. Hidden even from themselves.
 RACHEL: Come on, Jane Fonda. When are you going to get the breast implants. [*Rachel thinks Ted Turner is gross and a bad influence. -ed.*]
 LISA: I can't help it. Getting mad at him is part of my thrill.
 RACHEL: Remember me and Alex? Alex was a creep. I hated him so much, but all I wanted him to do was fuck me. I thought he was a jerk, I didn't respect him.
 LISA: I *like* Boyd.
 RACHEL: You do? Well, he sounds intelligent.
 LISA: He's personable. When he laughs it sounds like he's really enjoying himself.
 RACHEL: Then why is he a racist?
 LISA: I don't know that he is. Whenever someone talks about race almost at *all*, they get labeled racist.
 RACHEL: Then what's the big deal? What's he famous for?
 LISA: He's famous for making music, being super-intelligent, and being a Nazi.
 RACHEL: See? A Nazi. That means he's probably racist.
 LISA: AH, HAHA! No, it's not clear. He likes to play with that stuff.
 RACHEL: That stuff's seductive.
 LISA: You know what I like? I don't like people just with power--if I did, I'd like any old businessman, which I don't. But people who are really interested in exploring the definition of it make me a little hot in my shirt. I think that's what he does with just doing things, like say, wearing a fascist uniform and then seeing what people's reactions are. I'm not defending him--he could very well be a scoundrel. If I had to vote on whether he's a scoundrel or not, I'd say yes.
 RACHEL: You know, you don't have to vote.
 LISA: Oh yeah.
 RACHEL: You just called me to talk about Boyd. You don't care about me and **Boyd** at all. You think I'm boring next to Boyd.
 LISA: No, I don't at all. I think you're honest and clear as a beautiful lake.
 RACHEL: But he's free, free as a boyd.
 LISA: I mean, you know, you're a clear lake with depth. But he's a dark, impenetrable forest. I'm just kidding. I don't know what he is.
 RACHEL: Remember that Victoria Holt book about the guy who raped her and she fell in love with him? He had a mistress, and she moved in with them. She couldn't stay away from him. He was the Compt Somebody-or-Other. I said, "This is

disgusting! And I want it!" I said, "This thing is horrible and degrading to women...and I'd rather read this than *The Feminine Treaty*."

LISA: I feel really embarrassed--I've been bad-mouthing him for so long...even lately, in fact, at every opportunity.

RACHEL: That's 'cause you're fighting your own feelings.

LISA: It's just like with Riker on *The Next Generation*.

RACHEL: Riker's not a fascist!

LISA: Well, who says Boyd is?

RACHEL: You did!

LISA: Somebody said that, not me. I don't know.

I've been feeling so queer lately. I've been too busy to go about having an orgasm--

RACHEL: I say that too.

LISA: No, I'm serious. I'm house-hunting and a new issue has to go to the printer by the 27th. But all the time, I have these waves in my stomach, like the beginning of an orgasm--it's almost constant.

RACHEL: You're hopeless. You're going down. All I can say is, I'll be here to haul you out when you're ready to get out of a pit of Nazism and decadence. And sexual perversion and slavery.

LISA: No, actually--I feel really bad when I think, "People have *died*."

RACHEL: That's right. People have *died*.

We joke about it--we're such white trash we can't even relate. My people have *suffered*...somewhere...from hemorrhoids. They need an operation but they refuse to admit it.

LISA: No, Rache, you know--I have felt pain.

RACHEL: Oh yeah? Quit laughing. People have felt pain out there.

LISA: No, I mean, really. Rights have been taken away.

RACHEL: So what are you going to do about it?

LISA: I'm confused. I think he's lonely and sad in his Las Vegas hotel room. No, I don't know what's wrong with me. I'm giddy. You know, you gotta watch the show where Riker explains to the androgyne about how brutal sex, no not brutal sex--primal sex, no not primal sex--well, that rough sex can be good.

RACHEL: Well, some people have died during rough sex. Like the Central Park murder.

LISA: The Central Park Murder, Rachel, was when about five guys beat a woman and raped her.

RACHEL: Nuh-uh, that was the Central Park Rape. The Central Park Murder was when the yuppie and his girlfriend were having rough sex and he choked her with her panties.

LISA: I guess both cases were pretty

rough sex.

RACHEL: Oh my God!

LISA: I'm sorry. I am sorry.

RACHEL: Somebody's daughter died, and here you are laughing.

LISA: So are you. Imagine if that happened to--

RACHEL: Me?

LISA: Yeah. I'd be sad for the rest of my life. I'm only talking like this because I feel like a I fell off a cliff. And I'm really enjoying it...but way too much. Really, I'm off. I'm off. I'm having a philosophical revolution, as well as all the physical unstable-ness.

RACHEL: Me too. You know, I've had some rough sex in my life. I'm a pervert. Think I'm a pervert?

LISA: No, I don't think you're a pervert.

RACHEL: I've been telling people I'm a pervert. And their eyes light up.

LISA: Then I'm a pervert too.

RACHEL: You are not! You're a prude.

LISA: Me?!

RACHEL: Yeah! Tell me what you've done.

LISA: What I've *done*? Everything.

RACHEL: Nuh-uh. I have.

LISA: As a small girl, I enticed my pet gerbil to eat sunflower seeds out of my vagina.

RACHEL: So what?

LISA: What do you mean, *so what*? That's perverted! It's illegal.

RACHEL: Tell me about your sexual problem.

LISA: My "sexual problem"? I never heard it defined like that before.

RACHEL: Well, now you're talking to a doctor about it--Doctor Love.

LISA: I feel nervous that I can't have sex with someone longer than six months. Not that nervous.

RACHEL: Maybe you don't like sex.

LISA: I like sex. What happens is: the guy gets to be too much of a parent.

RACHEL: I think you're afraid of intimacy.

LISA: No, the intimacy becomes too heavily a parent/baby thing. I can't do all these things for myself anymore when the guy's around.

RACHEL: If that's what you want, why do you hate it?

LISA: I don't hate it.

RACHEL: Does it take your sexuality away?

LISA: No. It *eventually* takes my sexuality away with *that* person.

RACHEL: You need to act like that in a sexual way.

LISA: It starts out sexual, totally. Well, that's the least of my worries at this point. I don't want a boyfriend. Not at all. Can I confess something to you?

RACHEL: Yes.

LISA: This is bad.

RACHEL: I bet I can top it.

LISA: I bet you can't.

RACHEL: I bet I can.

LISA: Okay, but you're not going to think the same about me after. But...I don't care even if Boyd *is* the biggest racist. As long as he doesn't *do* anything.

RACHEL: Who cares?

LISA: You're not offended?

RACHEL: No.

LISA: Well, I am. It goes against what I believe in. But I've always demanded a guy's whole personality meet my approval, and now I've changed.

RACHEL: Why don't you just say, "I want you."

LISA: I've been thinking about it, but I have mixed feelings. I could say that. I can't believe you're giving me this advice. RACHEL: I used to be a big Nazi myself.

LISA: Yeah, and I still liked you while you were going through that.

RACHEL: You disapproved.

LISA: I disapproved, but you were still my friend.

RACHEL: I was just exploring it. I wanted to be one, but I couldn't.

You want to be dominated because you've been with all these gentle men.

LISA: I can't take it anymore. I've reached the boiling point.

RACHEL: You've reached the boydling point. If he meets me, I'll tell him: "Lose the racist slant, pal. Let's get real! These are the '90s--make some progress." He'll say, "*What?*"

I think you're just going to the other extreme.

Does he wear boots?

LISA: I don't know. It's true--I've had an extremely liberal/progressive love history. But, when it comes right down to it, my attraction to him is not at all connected to politics. That's new for me.

RACHEL: Your intellect has always suppressed your sexuality.

I feel guilty for writing [REDACTED].

LISA: I still like [REDACTED].

RACHEL: You didn't do anything to assuage my guilt.

LISA: Rache, I am beyond guilt. I've gone beyond thinking that *you* might even feel any guilt.

RACHEL: What are you going to do when this guy says black and Jewish people are bad and should be exterminated. That's serious. Those people *are* oppressed.

LISA: I know that. First of all, he would never say that. I'm sure he doesn't think that. Even if he did, he has a very convoluted--

RACHEL: --intestine.

Tell him he's all talk and no action.

LISA: He's not. He does a lot of stuff.

Boyd says he was really lonely and sad in his Las Vegas hotel room.

RACHEL: Yeah, but if you tell him that, he might take an action in your direction!
 LISA: I have a lot of things brewing in my mind. Boyd is but one of many things circulating through my system. I feel like a deer. I feel like a buck.
 RACHEL: I feel like--
 LISA: I feel like a buck in mid-leap.
 RACHEL: Be quiet. I'm trying to make up my own wildlife analogy.
 LISA: I'm a buck in mid-leap with the trees behind me.

RACHEL: And I'm a hunter. Boom!
 LISA: Rachel, that's a terrible thing to say.
 RACHEL: He-he. Gotta bring home the *meat* to the family.
 LISA: I feel like I'm on a bike going 90 mph downhill. And I'm burning all my bridges.
 RACHEL: I'm throwing off the yoke of love.
 LISA: I am too!
 RACHEL: I feel young and restless.
 LISA: I feel experienced, yet--

RACHEL: I do too! Yet young.
 LISA: I feel short, yet...tall.
 RACHEL: He was a tall, sort of shortish man--on the heavy side, very thin.
 LISA: The one time I came with my hand--usually I use something else--was when I was reading Raymond Chandler.
 RACHEL: That's why I drink Scotch.
 LISA: I think I might go rent a hotel room and drink Scotch tonight. I'm in turbulent times. Ever since [redacted] and I broke up.

continued from "Pain!" pg. 14

wrenched from you and is now lost and gone forever and ever! [*Toddler runs, laughing, straight into a table; starts crying.*] You turn to mommy for sympathy, and what do you get? Not much...not much at all... [*Mom says, "I told you about running in the house!" and slaps toddler.*] So what do you do? You'd better be more careful! You stay away from things that hurt you...you don't cry...and you *don't* bring your boo-boos to mommy! [*Child falls off swingset, breaks ankle, doesn't cry.*] Some people confuse "pain" with "love." Possibly because their parents made them pull their pants down when they whipped their asses! I am not one of those people, fortunately... My parents *never* whipped my bare ass!-they knew that it would hurt more if cotton fibers from my clothing got into the welts; it would fester up the sores! Pain *hurts*! Pain *stinks*! Pain *aches*! Pain *lasts*! Even in the middle of the night, when all of your cells are tired--the lights stay on inside your brain--even with your eyes taped shut with gauze and your tummy burns from too much aspirin! Pain comes from hell, and hell burns forever, and the fire is never quenched! Pain is hell, hell is pain, and pain is punishment! The worst pain I think I ever had was from bad teeth...they rotted, one by one, to the fucking gums! I went to the dentists but they cost hundreds and thousands of dollars, so every now and again I'd save up money and get one tooth pulled! It was cheaper, and temporarily eased the pain--slightly! But two more aches replaced the one before! [*Swollen-cheeked fellow thinks: "Oh Jesus! I'm losing my mind! My head is like hot coals! I haven't slept in weeks! It's my fault I didn't make good in school so I could afford dentists..."*] Your dental nerves seem interconnected--so when one nerve is exposed, they *all* hurt, terribly! When many nerves are exposed, your total existence is searing pain, punctuated with the devil's pitchfork with every beat of your pain-wracked heart! You can only remember pain from the past, never one moment of comfort... [*Adolescent being bullwhipped: "No! Daddy! Please!"*] No dentist on earth has a heart for a poor man with a mouth caked with pus and decay! No church or state has the kind of money they demand! Instead, they judge you as deserving no less! Your mouth stinks and offends them! You are bad and dirty--they turn their heads! They say that pain has value, and maybe it *does*--as a notice to get your hand out of the fire--but what use could there be in pain that only endures, long after you remove your hand from the flame? Certainly not to purify the soul! People who put things up their anus are *sick*! Sorry, but pain and pleasure do not make a good, satisfying sexual experience. The same goes for the women who want to have their nipples burned or pierced or bitten, or their buttocks spanked or to receive enemas, etcetera! You're nothing but sick bitches--masochistic little Daddy's sex harlots! Parents who inflict pain upon the bodies of children while telling them it's good for them can only deserve for their kids to abuse and torture *them* in turn when they grow old and become dependant! [*The comic continues...*]

POWER! by Lisa 10/93

THE LAW OF NATURE demands that human beings, just like any other animal species, have a "pecking order". The way in which one human being may dominate others is less clear-cut than the way in which, say, a wild dog can lead a pack. In a civilized society, it can be argued that dominance (or power) is a dangerous force. It can be said that men were intended to be brothers, not masters and slaves. But it is increasingly being accepted by experts on human and animal behaviour that, however civilized we may be, our way of life is deeply affected by the fact that some of us are much more dominant than others.

Indeed, experts know just how many people in a street or an office or a factory have dominant personalities . . . the answer is quite simply one in every 20, and that is close to being exact.

The above quote is from a fucking odd book called *Crimes and Punishment*, in which experts abound but are never named, and where rats and wolves are mentioned every other page and you can tell these guys are totally into domination but at the end of each unbridledly lusty article there's one tiny moralistic paragraph that says: "You know all that stuff we were just talking about? Well, it's *bad*." That's what I've been doing for the last few years--being really hot for power and then tagging onto the end of each daydream: "That's *bad*." We're taught, and I believed, that power is to be feared, weeded out. I taught myself to no longer even *think* about saying yes to it. But I was still thinking it, underneath my thoughts. Struggling to keep a secret from myself was making me queasy.

For instance, Boyd said that Anton LaVey said that a fellow named Goldschmidt wrote that slowly, over a long period of time, a man's semen ("There's no waste in nature.") enters his mate's bloodstream through the vaginal lining, and from there goes into her DNA--that's why couples start looking like each other. I don't know enough about biology to know whether that theory is feasible or not--nevertheless, as a feminist, I would, up until recently, have considered it my duty to defend my sex by saying, "That's not true!" I would have suppressed the fact that the idea appeals to me. (Being invaded by someone's genetic information sorta strikes my fancy). I would have wanted to dwell on this

interesting idea, but my psyche would have had to find for me some excuse--attacking it over and over, making its destruction my crusade, would be a good one. Suddenly now I see that I can just say, "I like that," and that's all it needs to be. It's so easy!

One of the many good things about Michael Jackson is that you can only make out about one word out of five, so your mind puts into the other four whatever it's been concentrating on. Well, after reading *Crimes and Punishment*, I was dancing to a MJ song that I always dance to, but I heard it in a brand new way: Power, oh power is the fist of love that makes it happen. Get closer, closer now, to my burning. Keep on till the power stops, don't stop till you get enough. Touch me and I feel on fire--ain't nothing like desire. I'm melting like candle wax. Sensation, oh sensation--I'll just react.

Wooh.

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similar
to that,
but nicer
↳



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★ Rollerderby 14 will be a comics special. Send yours in for POSSIBLE inclusion. If could someone send me Mac Microsoft Word 5.0 & give me back my life? Oh, thank you.

NEWS!

I bought a newspaper for the first time in my life today. Only 55 cents for so much joy-- why did I wait so long?

The headline: Yeltsin Crushes the Revolt With Assault on Parliament. That guy's always assaulting someone or other! No wonder they call him The Bear. (Do they call him The Bear? Well, do, at least.) He crushed it in a "bloody ten hour fight (with) a potent show of force that left Russia's parliament building battered and in flames (or is that "inflamed"? Oh, Yeltsin! I'm yelpin' for Yeltsin. (I was mad at the big bully when he wasn't as nice to romantic Gorbachev as he should have been, but... what's done is done.)

The only thing that caught my eye for the next 14 pages was the advertisement featuring ladies in brassieres. On page 15 was a photo of an American soldier, killed in heavy combat in Somalia, being dragged by ropes through the streets by a bunch of people laughing, poking each other, and giving each other high fives. One woman has her thonged foot on the dead guy's belly.

People always *absay* bowling is boring. A bearded white man in his 30s left a bowling alley in disgust to go abduct a 12-year-old girl from her home.

California Supreme Court ruled that suspects who kidnap and rape can't be sentenced for both. The reasoning is that offenders can't be tried separately for acts which are all part of one "intent and objective."

The horoscopes are pretty dire. Tauruses should apply for a passport and watch out for people wanting to use them. Sagittariuses are warned that things are not as they seem.

The Question Man asks people, *What song makes you cry?* "Somewhere Out There" and "The Rose" are just two of many songs that choke folks up. Jonathan Aberg, 32, anaemic grad student, stood out from the crowd by naming Gorecki's Third Symphony. "Words don't often make me cry," said the mustachioed man. "Words seem like forced emotions." The unsmiling Aberg does not like our "forced cheerfulness."

Movie buffs are livid over chatty audience members. "I think they should all be



M.

Dear Lisa C. Carver,

Don't you just love these little gifts from serendipity that end up gracing your, of all people's, mailboxes. No, not letters from me, but this most awfully intriguing stationery--hold it up to the light, it's got a pattern on it that's all speckly. I think I'll start smoking marijuana just to impress those nice people from the hemp liberation organization who sent it to me. It's the least I can do. I could hardly do more than the least because that might entail going to see the H.O.R.D.E. tour or something similarly persecutory.

So you want me to write for *Rollerderby*? Little me? You want me to sell out, is that it? Have my writing appear in a publication with a readership vast enough to compel one to run out of fingers and start counting on one's eyelashes? Do I even derive any health benefits? Accident compensation? Glitter eye shadow? Helium-flavored gum? A subscription? Whaddare we talking here, or ain't you on the square? Oh of course I'd love to, I would love to, I'm so thrilled I'm careening off the walls and bruising the furniture, I'm so thrilled that I squooshed my rabbit in a tender embrace which will cause her to sleep long and sleep well. It simply doesn't get any happier around here. Thank you until I'm perforated in the face, thank you thank you²³ you adorable marvelous person. Mwah.

But wait. I have more expressions of fervid gratitude, sweeter than beet paste (It must exist. But, if not, Nutella spread then.). Being asked to write for *Rollerderby* was like:

- a. sniffing potpourri on an empty stomach
- b. sitting in a cushionful of hot wax at CBGB and having it pointed out that it isn't vomit, after all.
- c. narcolepsy on a really leisurely car ride through many states.
- d. being one of those people who are quite into sports, and the profound, maybe otherworldly gratification they experience after a robust swig of Gatorade and then their favorite Jane's Addiction video comes on the Jukebox.
- e. special, man

shot," says Terry Branoff, a San Francisco legal secretary. "I think it's about the breakdown of civilization," offers schoolteacher Victoria Northridge. And what do the miserable moviegoers do about it? Nothing! Rachel and I aren't such wimps! When these bad boys behind us were saying stuff like "Waste him!" when we were trying to watch the movie (*Friday the 13th Part XVIII*), we told them to shut up! They said, "You gonna make us?" We said, "Yeah!" We kept it up till the end of the movie, at which point Rachel and I ran home and the boys were

Vishmidt

Item: Nikki Taylor's DEBILITATINGLY ugly. She really pisses me off. Whose nifty idea was it to inflict her on me?

Item: One more thing: remember when you said you were interested in the human soul and physical abnormalities; not the time Unsane came through town? Well, Unsane's been coming through town. A lot. I think they live here. Make them stop. So the upshot is I've been going to all these Unsane shows, and I've been finding Chris Spencer madly attractive, oh mesmerizing, unto serious besottedness, and I was wondering: how do I finagle it so he'll marry me? Should I stalk him first? Do I need Matador's permission? Do you know if he has a woman & if he does, how big is she? Thanks. Hey, you might know. Okay. Kiss kissy.
Love, M. Vishmidt

My Brain Tumor Is My Best Friend Theater Presents: **Travels In The Land of Nod**

I had a dream about a celebrity. It wasn't even an interesting celebrity like the kind you read about in the STAR or beat cheeks in order not to miss on the Howard Stern show. And this dismayingly inadequate celebrity didn't even figure all that largely in the dream. What am I doing having a dream about a celebrity anypoo? How bored must my subconscious be, so bored that it'll indulge in the most exceedingly corny dream format known to vertebrates just so I can sleep a little later?

The celebrity in question was Lou Barlow. This was the setup: apparently my angels-dancing-on-the-head-of-a-pin-sized apartment had mutated into a vast, glowering mansion; with richly tinted Moorish carpeting, galleries, troubadours, patios, old ebony paneling, and wall to wall escalators. The interiors were being filmed in Panavision is my conjecture. My family wasn't wealthy or anything, maybe we were squatters. Then (the motivation I do not recollect) Lou Barlow and his approx. 1,000 member white trash family unit either move in, or come for a convivial visit.

The thing being, he has a lot and a lot of sisters, who all inescapably resemble tough motorcycle bitches from '60s biker films.¹ And I'm a pudgy antisocial nine-year-old having a vulnerable quality above and beyond the call of her years.² The rest of the dream is a withering catalogue of abuses which I am subjected to by the straight-n-silky-haired Barlow girls: the en masse clan deeps riding up and down the escalators and, since it's so crowded no one sees, they beat me up and steal the change from my little red & yellow plastic change belt. Or they lock me in closets and mesmerize me with threats of dismemberment if I don't tell them the way to the bathroom.³ The other relatives do similarly beast-ly things like sitting out on the patio and munching on the furniture, unable to resist the fragile gloss of the white acrylic. Then my grandfather, Lou & I are standing in a museum of some sort, either a dime-store Indian display, a wax museum, a freak museum, or the Museum of Natural History. There's one showcase that we patronize more than the others, and I'm going, "Ooh, there's a fish, and there's an antelope, and there's...oh my god! It's Mr. Curran!"⁴ My grandfather says, "How unusual. They stuffed Mr. Kuronowa?" And Lou, who by now has probably gone to the same school as me and is in my peer group corrects him: "No, I think she said Currahan." Before it gets any more stimulating, I wake to a squealing phone. I pick it up. It's my grandmother hectoring me to go outside, it's such a beautiful day and, besides, the hurricane is expected to hit tomorrow. I slam her out of existence and feebly clutch at the shards of the dissipating dream. All I succeed in doing is willing myself into a mildly hallucinatory state where I am convinced that I hear the thunderous footsteps of my grandmother approaching the door, and she's gonna come into the bedroom and throw me out the window so I can get some fresh air. Therefrom I proceeded to my next delusional episode, the one that induced me to write all this down in case it was entertaining.

Footnotes

¹Yeah, so what if I was watching *Hellcats* on MST3000 that night. Wanna say I'm derivative or something? *Bother* you!

²This part checks.

³A High Security Risk in a house that size.

⁴My tenth grade physics teacher.

chasing us.

Dan Quayle is "scurrying" around Washington, interviewing reporters to find out why they hated him so much. He's going to write a book about it. I think that's so cool. I want to read the book. I'm serious--it's a brave and interesting undertaking. Imagine asking all these people who ridiculed you to tell you more about it.

British journalist Alan Watkins describes his readers thus: "With a few exceptions, I was impressed by their ignorance of politics, their prejudice, their inability to follow the simplest argument... their literal-mindedness..."

Debate over thank you cards in Dear Abby.

Nasdaq is down. No, I'm just kidding--it's up.

LC 50CT93

Steal This Mag

Lisa is going bonkers, so we're giving her a vacation. We need someone to fill her place for a month. To be the *Rollerderby* guest editor, you needn't be experienced, suave, in-the-know, attitudinous, or even Johan Kugelberg, but you must be curious and prompt. We would particularly like someone under 14 or over 56, but all ages should apply. Foreigners welcome as well, excepting those that like mail art. Send in a piece of paper proposing some interviews, articles and reviews you would like to do. (We could maybe help set up some of the interviews for you, if it's somebody famous or something.) If you or any of your acquaintances do art, send in some photocopies. No submissions will be returned unless a sufficiently stamped return envelope is provided. Or send in a self-addressed, stamped postcard and we will return it with a YES or NO on it (and the reason why you weren't chosen, if you wish). The winner will be paid \$100 for her or his work. Lisa will be calling in from Bermuda once a week, and can aid the guest editor a bit. But basically issue 16 will be your baby. Give it a smack! Deadline for submissions: 1 February 1994



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VERY PERSONALS

Own me. Put your fingerprints all over my flesh. Mark my entire sense of who I am with your strong imagination. I'm on my hands and knees searching far and wide for a woman with muscles in her imagination. I want to dress in your discarded clothes and be your twin sister or a piece of furniture in your living room. Send leftover desires, lingerie, ideas, to Doug Rice, PO Box 95094, Pittsburgh PA 15223.

Young lady into spiritual cannibalism and velour attire looking for love of her life. My standards are very amorphous but you have to be skinny. My dimensions are: 36-27-36/5'5", 125-130 lbs. Write: M.V., 90-11 35th Ave. #3N, Jackson Hts., NY. 11372

SUPPORT A NEEDY DAME (see photo) My name is Dame Darcy. I try to keep jobs, but I always get fired because the only things I'm good at are drawing, reading palms, acting up, to play banjo, arm wrestle and be a kook. I live in a condemned building in the lower east side of Manhattan. This style of life is definitely not suited for royalty. So I am pleading for your help. For a small donation each month (\$28 and up is preferred) you will receive letters from your Dame, plus photos of your Dame, gifts and drawings. If you send a photocopy of your palm I will send back what I see there. Send copies of both sides of your hand plus a copy of your fist pinky side down. Tell me if you want to hear the bad news too or not. Make checks payable to Darcy Megan Stanger, PO Box 424762, SF CA 94142, and you will receive a response from me immediately, I am not a slacker. Thank you.



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It's better than mine!

glie stick, duh

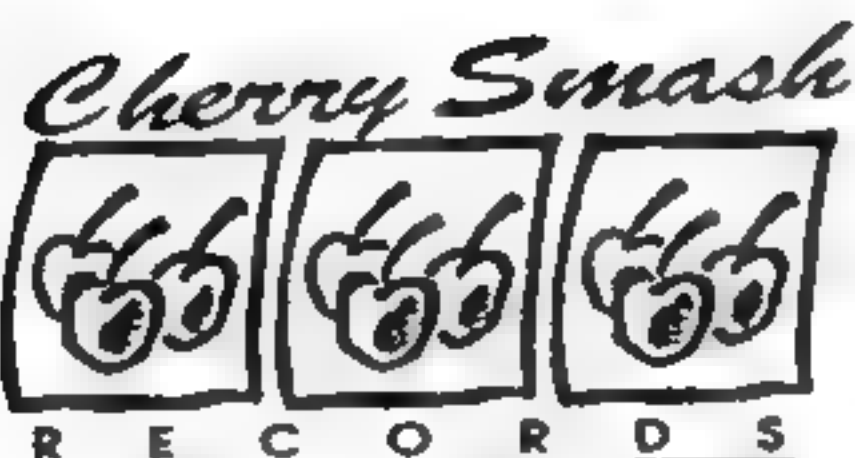


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I, TORCO, LISTEN TO THE LOVELY
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CS-001 The Jeffersons - Operation Get
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thwarted nostalgia. Guitarists will gnash
their teeth and try to figure out how Ivan
and Kevin got so good, a fuzz/pierce melody
attack that's as good as either Buzzcocks or
Prince. The tender-hearted will weep. Band
has been compared by various more-or-less
ignorant people to Judas Priest, the Pixies,
Pussy Galore and Aerosmith. I don't think
any of these come anywhere near the mark, but
saying "a cross between Nazareth and Bread"
probably won't help sell any records.
Available on classico black and gold (that's
really more like yellow.)

CS-002 Weinix/Pluffy Kitty Split 7" 45.
Weinix are indescribable, clean and floaty,
an LP's worth of song directions, I'll
nibble on the hook and voice and guitar
textures in around 4 minutes. Pluffy Kitty
put their cute I'll shoulder to the wheel and
heft a weight of monumental head-above-water
sadness, with a huge rushing rolling sound to
keep it going. Mic is NOT singing "it bores
me when I read about it" at any point here--
something about pastries. And yes, he is
complaining that there's no place for him to
pee. Available in stylin' black or a dark
purple that's difficult to distinguish from
the black unless you hold it up to a light

CS-003 Cherry Smash t-shirt featuring the
slogan "It'll be a great day when the prisons
have all the inmates they need and the
Pentagon bombs the schools." Hard to think
of a place to wear it where people won't yell
at you. \$9 ppd. Large or X-Large.

Poor Torco the Clown. After a luck-filled career (he was Foreign
Minister for Uganda during mid-70s and Amin THOUGHT he had
clubbed him to death; after moving to So. Cal. and running the
momentarily successful "Yam Hut" chain of fast-food restaurants,
he later became Deputy Assistant Undersecretary of State for
Central Asian Affairs during the waning Reagan years, and then
briefly held the Father Charles Coughlin Chair in Activist
Theology at the Rifkin University in the late 80s), he was later
discovered by indie rock poster boy Spiral Stairs of Pavement
while consistently losing to tourists in an ill-prepared 3-card
monte "scam" on Venice Beach. Pavement immortalized him in their
hit single "Summer Babe". Now he and his pet dog Groot are
shilling for another dumb 7" label.



Wiglet

the magazine
for champions and losers



ISSUE #9: AVAILABLE FOR A MEASLY \$2 + 2 STAMPS!

- true-life ^{tale} of sex and deformity
- travel tip of the century to a big Cincinnati cemetery
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- Fancy Fox - king dead poet (current)
- cartoons
- the most boring interview in the world
- old decrepit circus poodle story
- and much more!

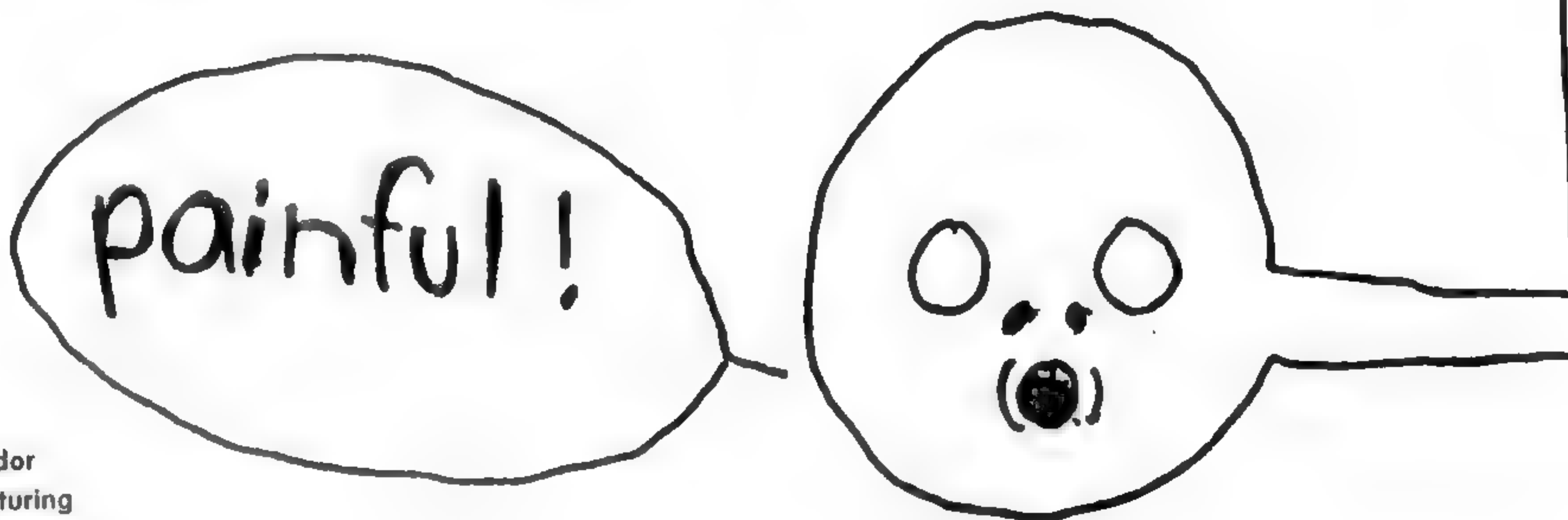
ISSUE #8

- highly contraversial essay on little dogs
- interview w/ breeder of champion miniature podles
- full-fledged Fancy Fox cartoon ballet
- commentary on Linda Evangelista's hairdo
- description of job where I drove excessively

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---	---

↑ This woman goes on
so many adventures.
I'm jealous. She's funny, too.

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The Matador
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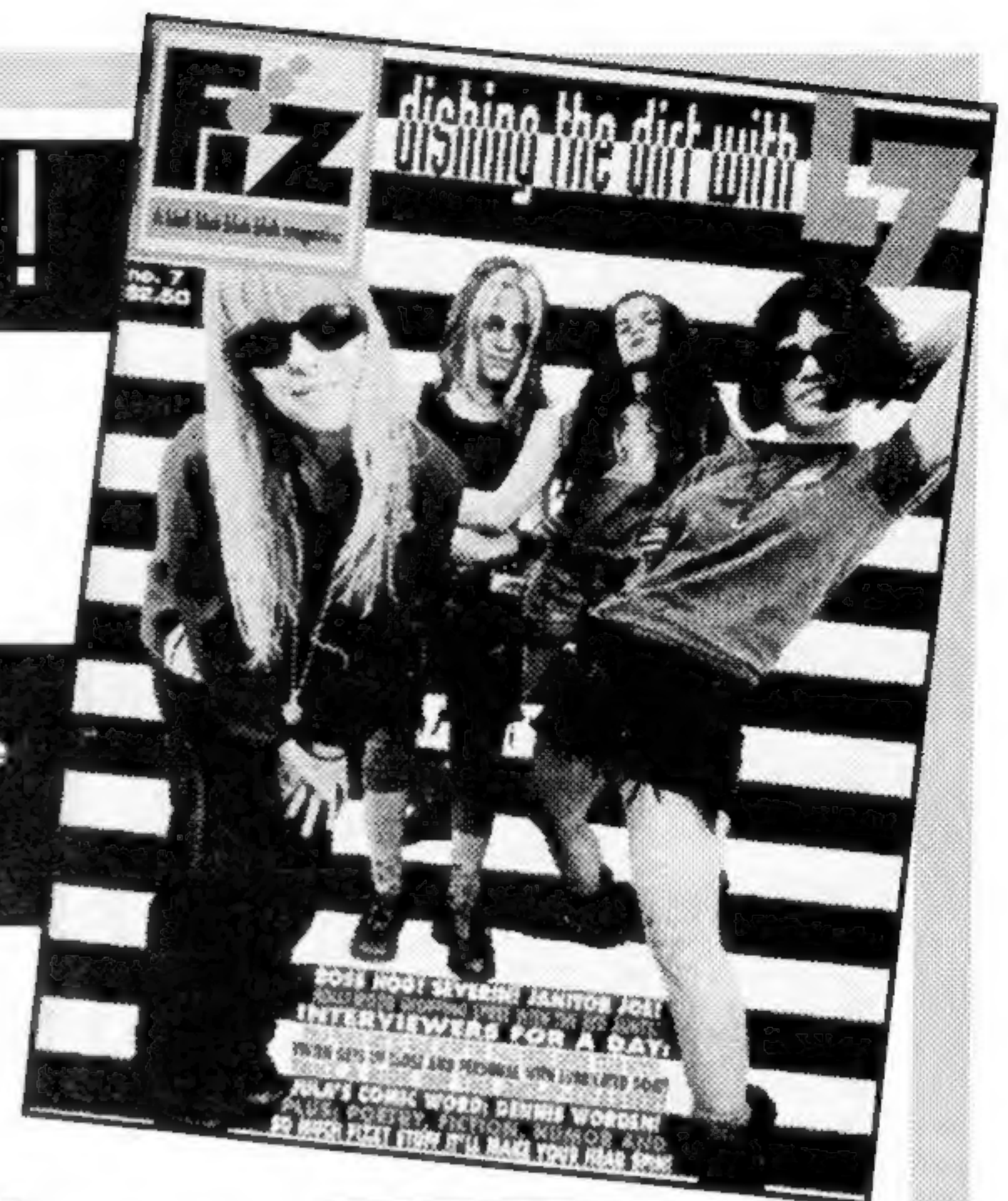
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#8

flaming lips,
muffs, reverend
horton heat,
treepeople,
white flag,
alice donut,
joe matt ...

#7

L7, boss hog,
seven year
bitch, severin,
janitor joe,
red aunts,
lubricated goat,
dennis worden
...

#6

pavement, gas-
huffer, sandy
duncan's eye,
tar, jawbox,
ethyl meatplow,
tvty\$, vivien
w/billy idol,
evan dorkin ...

#5

butthole sutures,
jesus liver,
jon spencer,
supertruckers,
lunchchicks,
fat smear,
vivian
w/mudhoney ...

#4

babes in
toyland, rocket
from the crypt,
helmet, 5-8,
trash can school,
vivian
w/mudwimmin
...

#3

sonic youth,
poster children,
fluid, cows,
claw hammer,
jula bell, vivien
w/motorcycle
boy ...

#2

social distortion,
peggy m.
experience,
sugar chunk,
wild stares,
mudhoney ...

#1

nymphs,
dwarves,
jawbreaker,
muffs,
keith morris,
falling james ...



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This Is My Life!



by Rosie Hernandez

I was born in Lynn, Massachusetts. We ate hot dogs and green beans. My mother put sugar in my milk. We lived on Pleasant Street and then my father left my mother and moved to Downfall Lane. That always made my mother giggle. We moved to Yuma, Arizona in '76. Everyone had "kidney" pools. To immerse oneself in something named after an organ...that's rude! Not only that, but my step-mother served kidney beans. Bad memories. We moved to Dover, New Hampshire because AAA named it the number one place to live. Dover was settled in 1623, and it's been settled down ever since. The most exciting thing that ever happened in New Hampshire happened 350 years ago when Capt. Thomas Wiggin, governor of the Dover settlement, and Capt. Walter Neal, boss at Strawberry Bank (renamed Portsmouth), had a contention. The two never came to blows, but Capt. Wiggin did *carry* a sword around for a while, so in light of what *might've* happened, the place was named Bloody Point.

When I was seven I saw someone do a Sieg heil in "The Sound of Music." It looked fun, so I did it too. My mother said, "Don't ever do that in front of your step-father--it's serious." But I did it in front of him, and he slapped my face. There was never any explanation why it was bad. (Later I learned his mother, a German, had been in the Resistance.) I changed my name to Schultz (my step-father's name) from Hernandez because my father had never been there since I was four. When I did that, my father's mother, a Mexican, told me I could never call her Grandma again.

I had a burning curiosity. I bought a Klanwatch map of the U.S. with the towns with racist organizations marked with crosses, and a marine named Harry and I visited each one. We discovered no churches, but in Munford, Alabama we visited Harry's childhood friend Glen, who served us venison. Glen didn't have any--just watched Harry and me eat. Harry suggested it tasted funny because it had freezer burn. Glen said no, it's not freezer burn. Then he said it wasn't venison. Glen said to me privately, "We could arrange a cross-burning."

I moved to Rochester, New Hampshire 'cause who could turn down an offer to work at Friendly's? My first night there, the neighbor couple came home at 11:42 PM: "Gi' my fuc' keys!" The female wanted to go back out drunk-driving. She told her kid, who was crying: "Shut up you goddamn crybaby!" A family of three came out of nowhere and took the woman's baby off in a stroller. Another neighbor, in a frayed silk bathrobe, came STRIDING out, demanding, "Where are they?" I was glad I wasn't the "they" she was after! The police came twice. They told a man-neighbor: "If you keep up that attitude, you're going downtown!" He kept up the attitude, so they took him away. The next day a man yelled, "I never seen so much shit fit i' a Chevy!" Upon looking out the window, I saw he was referring to the passengers. I lived alone and mostly looked out the window and ate blueberry bagels and quarts of butter-pecan ice cream. Blood sugar fluctuations got me going--I heard voices and suffered sudden and fervent necrophilia. So I went to Paris, France. The roads there are about two inches wide and three delivery trucks are trying to fit down them all at once. The mayor lets people use the bad kind of gas, so I got a headache every time I went downtown. So I just stayed in my room all the time and ate bread with l'herbe d'aile--a soft cheese that is about 100% fat with bits of grass in it. Yum! Plus candy is the best in Paris. Roche Noirs were my favorite. A dollar a bite, and worth it.

The Spinanes Manos

